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The Nation. April 26, 1980 $1

EDITORIAL

WAR AND POLITICS

"If I decide it is necessary."

President Carter was speaking of "military force" applied to Iran when he used that ominous phrase on April 12 in an interview with European television correspondents. It is a grim reminder of the reality that a President—Constitution and War Powers Act to the contrary notwithstanding—can take us into war all by himself. A naval blockade could just do it.

"Our military is absolutely incapable today of defending this country." Those were the words of Ronald Reagan three days before Carter uttered his "if I decide" line. If only Reagan's fierce idiocies were directed at the military impossibility of defending the United States (or protecting the lives of the hostages) with a nuclear fleet that is circling in the Indian Ocean . . . But of course he meant to sound even more bellicose than Carter.

The President's election commercials call him "Peacemaker." They do this even while the rhetoric of the continuous re-election campaign that has become the substance of his Presidency is increasingly charged with rumors of war. Iran has once again replaced Afghanistan as "the most serious threat." The White House hopes that Russia is "Vietnamized" among the Afghans. Back on the front burner goes the tortuous challenge in Teheran.

If, for political reasons (which would be mislabeled "national self-respect"), Carter does take military action in Iran, which, as the "aggrieved party," he implies we have an unlimited right to do under a creative reading of international law, it will soon be clear that the American hostages' lives will be in the gravest danger, that our alliances will be disrupted, that Iran will be sharply radicalized and that the Soviet Union will thus make great strategic gains.

All this, "if I decide it is necessary."

SHAWCROSS'S PULITZER
Herbert Mitgang

THE MEDIA'S ISLAM
Edward W. Said

KENT STATE'S LEGACY
James Munves

THE C.I.A.'S MISSIONARIES
Penny Lernoux

NUCLEAR LESSONS
Charles Perrow

TV'S MELTABLE ETHNICS
Mark Crispin Miller & Karen Runyon

PRESIDENTIAL LANGUAGE

THE LOVE SONG OF J. CARTER

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN

What sometimes surprises people is that I carry out my promises.
Jimmy Carter, Playboy, *November 1976*

Jimmy Carter doesn't love us anymore. Perhaps we should have known it wouldn't last. Where did we go wrong? How did we move from being an honest, decent, open, fair and compassionate people to being wastrels who overspend, the victims of a malaise and loss of faith, individuals in the grip of a crisis of the spirit who need discipline and punishment?

It all seemed so sudden. What happened to Jimmy Carter's "populist" faith in us? C. Vann Woodward suggested in *The New York Review of Books* that Carter's self-description as "a populist in the tradition of Richard Russell" is rather like conjuring up "an anarchist in the tradition of Herbert Hoover." Maybe so; nonetheless, Carter rode into office in part on the strength of his expression of populist sentiments, of confidence in "the people" and his declarations of "love" for each and every one of us. That Carter's populism lacked subtlety and nuance is no doubt true; that he genuinely believed the sentiments he expressed is also no doubt true. What, then, did Jimmy Carter believe in his pre-Presidential days?

A good place to begin is Carter's campaign autobiography, *Why Not the Best?*, which first appeared in October 1975. Carter launches his advertisement for himself by asking whether government can be honest, decent, open, fair and compassionate—just like the people. But

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LETTERS.

REQUIRED READING

New Port Richey, Fla.

Your editorial "False Remedies [March 29] relative to President Carter's program to combat inflation should be required reading for all Americans.

To deliberately create a recession as this Administration is doing is to play a dangerous game. Given the state of the economy today, this planned recession could easily slide into a depression. The President should remember that despite a tremendous effort to stop the decline in prices and to get the economy moving again, we did not recover from the Great Depression of the 1930s until World War II pulled us out. The smell of war is in the air. Is it possible that history is about to repeat itself? *John C. Davis*

Former Chief Economist, President's Council of Economic Advisors

CRUISING REVIEW PROTESTED

San Francisco

Robert Hatch shows a great insensitivity to gays in his review of *Cruising* [*The Nation*, Feb. 23], and obviously does not understand the viewpoint of many outraged by its release.

His reference to "genital contact, however perverse" is a simple insult. But to say that William Friedkin's opinion that the mass killer in the film was heterosexual suggests "that his researches do not carry him deeply into the complexities of sexual psychoses" implies the killer must have some homosexual inclination. If one accepts the killer as a repressed or misdirected homosexual, then the murders become a "gay" problem, absolving the heterosexual viewer (and culture) of any responsibility. The murders become another aspect of gay "perversity" (they also kill one another) and the viewer is shown ugly stereotypes to reinforce the impression that gay men oppress themselves. Ignored is the real oppression we gays suffer at the hands of heterosexuals. . . .

The disclaimer that only a "small segment" of the gay world is represented in the film is very misleading. That a segment is *mis*represented would be more accurate. . . .

Gay characters have been portrayed in foreign-made films for years but have been noticeably absent from American ones in the last decade. After this long silence, two clearly anti-gay films, *Cruising* and *Windows*, are released within a month. Are we to stand idly by while Hollywood exploits, slanders and invites violence to be perpetrated on us and merely hope that no one will notice? Are we to assume that queer-bashers shun films that are not "sufficiently well made" and only attend good ones? If either of these films had been well made, would it excuse their anti-gay biases?

Robert Hatch has joined ranks with others who avoid the topic of gay oppression by criticizing the opponents of these films rather than deal with the ugly distortions and hate propaganda these films present. I had hoped for better from *The Nation*. *William Atkins*

Portland, Ore.

Robert Hatch's review of *Cruising* misinterprets the motive of "militant homosexuals" in picketing and otherwise protesting the movie.

Hatch suggests that gay people have little to win by denouncing *Cruising*, since the film is so bad that it will fail on its own merits, and since protests only provide *Cruising*'s creators with free publicity for their dirty work.

To gay activists, however, *Cruising* is most important as a signal that Hollywood intends to continue its refusal to portray gay women and men in a positive manner. While William Friedkin was easily able to line up money and talent for his C-grade opus, novelist Rita Mae Brown, whose critically acclaimed *Rubyfruit Jungle* is a best seller, will not soon see her story grace the silver screen. The reason, as she told National Public Radio on February 24, is that no studio will touch *Rubyfruit Jungle* unless the main character—a lesbian who is happy with her sexual orientation—either is: (a) killed, thereby proving that gays can't win, or (b) magically transformed into a repentant heterosexual whom we last see as she walks down the aisle in her wedding gown! If Brown would warp *Rubyfruit Jungle* in such ways, she told N.P.R., she would have no difficulty in finding a producer.

Under these conditions, a little free publicity for those who have crawled out of the woodwork to make *Cruising* is a small price to pay if it will expose Hollywood's mistreatment of gay men and lesbians in general. *Ted Stroll*

HATCH REPLIES

New York City

Mr. Atkins's letter confirms what I have long known—that it is difficult to please a really militant spokesman for a minority group even when you are on his side, as I had thought I was in my review of *Cruising*. The reference which he finds insulting was to a sadomasochist gathering, and I do hold that the infliction of pain, whether in a heterosexual or homosexual context, is a perversion. Whether the "leather bar" in question misrepresents this segment of the community I am not in a position to argue. . . .

As for the killer, a flashback shows us a boy being rejected with scorn and disgust by his father. We then learn that the young man has written a carton of unmailed letters to his parent, now deceased, asserting that the older man would be proud of him for his present deeds. Friedkin is ambiguous, but if the father was not reacting in the past to an episode of homosexuality, why should the son assume that he would now be pleased by the string of murders? I think it probable, in the absence of any other motive, that he had taken a means, hideously deranged, to make amends for a sexual act he now recalls in the context of his father's rejection.

Finally, I deny that I have joined ranks with anyone for any fell purpose and I specifically reject the suggestion that I would commend as otherwise well made any film that displayed a bias against any minority group. . . .

As for Mr. Stroll, I understand his point and regret I did not know the protest was directed less against *Cruising* than against Hollywood's general attitude toward homosexuality. The suggestions made to Ms. Brown are certainly offensive, yet it seems to me that progress has been made. In the past, the movies used homosexuality as an occasion for smirking, and homosexuals were portrayed as intrinsically untrustworthy, ludicrous, or both. Now I am not surprised when a character's homosexuality is noted, not as a stigma but as one aspect of his or her personality. The film *"10"* is a case in point; admittedly the man in question is not happy, but he is treated with respect and understanding. The screen's attitude toward blacks went through an earlier but almost parallel change. *Robert Hatch*

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EDITORIALS.

C.I.A./F.O.I.A.

The effort to exempt the Central Intelligence Agency and other intelligence agencies from the Freedom of Information Act (see editorial, "Future Secrets," February 23) has stirred up a storm of controversy. A letter opposing the provisions in the C.I.A. charter (S. 2284) and the Moynihan bill (S. 2216) that would exempt the Agency from the Freedom of Information Act was recently sent to Congress by a group of more than 150 individuals and organizations, including the American Historical Association, the Organization of American Historians, the Association of American Publishers, and Common Cause. Even the Justice Department cannot swallow the C.I.A. proposal. As Associate Attorney General John Shenefield put it in a recent speech, the F.O.I.A. provisions are "vastly overbroad and . . . in stark contrast to the spirit and philosophy" of the act. As a result, Justice has come up with a new proposal, reluctantly accepted by the C.I.A., which it regards as a "much narrower" exemption.

Unfortunately, this new improved proposal is as bad as the original. It does abandon the attempt to secure an across-the-board exemption from the F.O.I.A. for the intelligence agencies, but it would achieve much the same result by allowing the Director of Central Intelligence to certify "information" as exempt from disclosure if it falls into one of three catchall categories: (*1*) information that is provided by anyone not employed by the U.S. Government, (*2*) information that would "tend to identify" a source or method and (*3*) information from or about technical or scientific intelligence systems.

The Justice Department regards this proposal as "narrow" and unlikely to be used very often—mainly because the exemptions in the F.O.I.A. itself are already so broad. The act now allows the withholding of information that is properly classified or that would identify a source or method. The Justice Department's proposal, however, would sanction the withholding of information that is not

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even classified or that would merely "tend" to identify a source or method. Much more important, under the current law an agency's refusal to release information under one of the exemptions in the F.O.I.A. is reviewable in court—a judge can decide, for example, if a file, document or part of a document was properly classified. Under the new proposal there can be no judicial review of the Director's certification. Given the C.I.A.'s often-stated fear that some "irresponsible" judge might, in the future, divulge national security secrets (so far, it acknowledges, none has), why should it support exemptions that could be overturned in court instead of one that is judge-proof?

If the Justice Department is seriously concerned about "the spirit and philosophy" of the F.O.I.A., then it should reconsider its backing of this new proposal. Meanwhile, we shall oppose it as vigorously as the old one.

Reagan's Goofs

The media have been pouncing on Ronald Reagan for factual errors in his campaign speeches—for example, his fond references to President John F. Kennedy's "30 percent tax cut" in 1963 (Kennedy actually asked for 18 percent; Congress gave him 19), and his contentions that it costs the Department of Health, Education and Welfare $3 to deliver $1 to a needy person (H.E.W. says it is 12 cents for each $1 of aid) and that the Federal Government has gained 131,000 employees in the past three years (60,000 according to *Time*, 6,000 according to CBS and 40,000 according to *The New York Times*; obviously Reagan's charge that the criticisms of his bloopers were "journalistic incest," defined as "one person reads another person's story and then it is accepted as gospel," is also inaccurate). The candidate also claimed that Alaska had more oil reserves than Saudi Arabia and that General Motors has 23,300 employees filling out Government forms. Both wrong. Reagan was caught with his briefings down in saying that Vietnam veterans don't receive the G.I. Bill (he thought the general briefing him was talking about veterans when he was really talking about the volunteer Army) and in his confession that he doesn't understand parity prices (see Calvin Trillin on page 487).

What is troubling in the case of Reagan is not simply that he is a Presidential candidate and ought to be more careful but that his facts and statistics are an inextricable part of his programs, indeed his world view. The beneficent effects of President Kennedy's mythical 30-percent tax cut are linked to his "supply-side" economics and support of the first Kemp-Roth bill; his belief that there's plenty of oil right here in the United States, if the Government would only get off the oil companies' backs, derives from his fantasy estimate of Alaskan oil reserves—or is it vice versa? One shudders to think about the "facts" his assessment of Soviet intentions is based on; one positively quakes to imagine him misunderstanding a briefing by his generals about a missile-attack false alarm.

Pulitzer Sideshow

The Pulitzer Prize Board blew it again this year. This time it did so in the general nonfiction category. The high powers of American journalism and the management at Columbia University turned down a recommendation by the nonfiction panel—Norman Cousins of *Saturday Review,* Robert Wyatt of *The Nashville Tennessean* and myself—to honor with a special citation William Shawcross's book *Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia.* Without explanation, without publicly acknowledging that such a recommendation was ever made, the Pulitzer people ignored the panel and, more important, the book.

This is the special citation the Pulitzer Board declined to accept:

> William Shawcross's "Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia" is a distinguished work of nonfiction. Although Mr. Shawcross is not an American, thereby making him ineligible under the terms of the award, his book deserves special mention because of its originality and its method of treatment. The theme is concerned with United States policies and leadership. Mr. Shawcross obtained his facts with great resourcefulness under the United States Freedom of Information Act. "Sideshow"—demonstrating how decisions made in Washington affected the lives of a distant people adversely—deserves to be read and recognized.

In drafting this citation for my colleagues on the panel, I recognized that we would be raising a red flag because of the controversial nature of the book. After all, it was a direct contradiction of some of the foreign policy claims in Henry Kissinger's *White House Years.* It had exposed the role of a former President and a former Secretary of State in the secret bombing of Cambodia. Of Kissinger's book, Shawcross had said, "It really proves what my title says—that Cambodia was just a 'sideshow' to him and that he regarded its destruction as insigificant."

Aware that the citation would be a tough one to get by the Pulitzer Board, some of whose members had frequently used Kissinger as a news source (who, in turn, had used them), the panel had carefully phrased the language of its recommendation. We did not pit the Shawcross book against the Kissinger book; that was for the reader to do if he wished. Rather, we hoped to inform the reading public that *Sideshow*, published by Simon & Schuster and Pocket Books, deserved to be judged on its own merits.

While Kissinger used Government and personal files that had been barred to historians and journalists, Shawcross succeeded in obtaining official secret records in Washington and at Air Force record centers. The Pentagon was, surprisingly, helpful to him. What was even more remarkable is that Shawcross, a young British journalist, was able to make use of the U.S. Freedom of Information Act. The importance of the act for researchers and writers everywhere was thus underscored. It was the kind of information that Shawcross could never have obtained under the British Official Secrets Act. The notion that the act could reveal truths

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through original documents is a significant contribution to international affairs and journalism.

Under the Pulitzer rules, prizes are limited to American authors and creators, with the exception of the history prize, which does not specifically say that the writer must be an American. Here was a chance for the Pulitzer Board to recognize that journalism, theater, music, photography, poetry, biography, cartooning and criticism no longer stop at the borders of one country; that the arts are international, not parochial. We were not attempting to change the rules but merely to give the Pulitzer Board the opportunity to cite a special book without giving it a specific award—to allow a little freedom for the panel of experts and to let a little fresh air into the Board's deliberations.

Books are surely international. Americans are published and read all over the world; British and European writers are published here and even make best-seller lists. Shawcross wrote a book on an American subject, researched it mainly in American sources, reported on one of the most important subjects of recent years. The cavalier treatment of the nonfiction panel's proposal was not surprising; panels have been ignored before with daring books and plays.

What is important is the work itself. And *Sideshow*—and its meaning and contents—will be around despite the fact that it was ignored by the prize givers. It could open eyes from Washington to Morningside Heights.

HERBERT MITGANG

Herbert Mitgang is publishing correspondent of The New York Times. *His play,* Mister Lincoln, *recently appeared on Broadway.*

Sweden's Yes-No

Stockholm

One year after the near meltdown at Three Mile Island, the Swedes, many of whom had been greatly upset by the accident, voted in a special referendum to phase out nuclear energy. Or did they? A majority of the 95 percent of the Swedish electorate who went to the polls voted for Alternatives 1 and 2 (of the three on the ballot) which said that "nuclear power is to be phased out." Then why was Sweden's nuclear industry overjoyed by the results of the referendum? Moreover, not long after, two new nuclear reactors went on stream, with more to follow.

If the foreign observer is befuddled by the labyrinthine ways of Swedish nuclear politics, he or she is not alone. The nuclear issue has overshadowed—some would say paralyzed—Swedish politics since the mid-1970s. In 1976, the Social Democrats, after forty-four years in power, were ousted by a nonsocialist coalition. Until March 1979, Olof Palme, the deposed Social Democratic Prime Minister, had been vigorously opposed to the idea of a referendum on the nuclear issue. Three days after the news from Harrisburg, Palme made an 180-degree turn. He embraced the idea of a referendum, saying he had been increasingly worried about the dangers of nuclear energy and was shocked by the confusion prevailing in the state of Pennsylvania after the reactor accident at Three Mile Island.

In one stroke, then, Palme defused the nuclear issue for the fall parliamentary election (which, as it turned out, he lost anyway). He ostensibly left it to the people to decide whether Sweden ought to continue taking the risks, which he now freely acknowledged, of nuclear energy.

But were the people allowed to take a stand? Toward the end of 1979, Palme again tested party and popular opinion and found that there was obvious unease, even within the party, over nuclear energy. If the choice was between a clear "yes" and an equally clear "no" to nuclear energy, there was considerable risk that the "nos" would win. Therefore, in an astounding display of Orwellian "newspeak," Palme created a Social Democratic alternative that said both "yes" and "no." This was Alternative 2 (distinguished from the Conservatives' otherwise identical Alternative 1 by language favoring Government ownership, conservation and alternative energy sources), jointly drawn up with the Liberals. Its key word in Swedish was *avveckla*, which means, roughly, "dismantle" or "phase out." But this could not be done quickly, the party said, not in the ten-year period specifically stipulated by the antinuclear groups' Alternative 3—twenty-five years was more like it, which happened to be the lifetime of the average nuclear reactor. Also, the Social Democrats pointed out, if existing reactors were dismantled, the economic loss to the country would be enormous, since nearly $20 billion had already been spent on the construction of six new reactors.

Thus, in the March 23 referendum, nearly everybody, judging from the vote total, opposed nuclear energy but favored building it up in order to phase it out. Nonetheless, a surprisingly good showing was made by a rather ramshackle coalition of antinuclear groups, from the Friends of the Earth and the farmer-based Center Party to assorted peace groups and the small but vigorous Swedish Communist Party. (The Moscow-line breakaway Communists favored nuclear energy.) In the face of strong opposition from the Swedish establishment, consisting of Big Business (Asea-Atom, the leading nuclear manufacturer, hopes to export nuclear plants to countries like Turkey and Mexico), the Social Democratic Party, the Trade Union Congress and the majority of Swedish newspapers, the antinuclear Alternative 3 drew nearly 40 percent of the vote.

One can safely guess that a fair number of votes for the antinuclear alternative came from disenchanted Social Democrats. One can also hazard a guess that a number of the votes for the Social Democratic alternative came from the party faithful who vote with their party through thick and thin. Some of them may actually have believed that the party means what it says, and does indeed want to dismantle nuclear energy in Sweden and switch as quickly as possible to alternative, less hazardous technologies.

BJORN KUMM

Bjorn Kumm is a Swedish freelance radio and print journalist based in Stockholm.

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VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

I was not alarmed when the report came from Kansas, where Gov. Ronald Reagan was campaigning among wheat farmers, that he did not seem to know exactly what parity means. I don't know exactly what parity means either. I have always suspected that practically nobody knows what parity means—the possible exceptions being a few farmers and the Washington correspondent of *The Des Moines Register & Tribune*.

"I think it's shocking that a man running for President of the United States does not even know what parity means," my wife said, when she read the news from Kansas.

"I don't know what it means either," I said.

"You don't?" she said. "But didn't I hear you say yesterday that Reagan was out in the farm belt talking about cowpods and parity?"

"You did indeed," I said. "But I don't know what it means. I don't think anybody knows what it means."

I avoided the question of whether she happened to know the meaning of parity herself. I had learned my lesson some months before when, in an idle moment, I asked her the name of the Secretary of Labor and she replied, "I will not stand here and be grilled like a common criminal."

"But I've heard you argue against parity," my wife said.

"True," I admitted. "Also for it. But I don't know what it means. You don't have to know what something means to argue about it. Do you think all of those people who were arguing about populism a few years ago knew what it meant? When I was working on the college newspaper, as I remember it, I managed to write at least half a dozen editorials on something called the Oak Street Connector without having the remotest idea of what it was. I demanded to know why construction of the Oak Street Connector was behind schedule. I questioned whether the Oak Street Connector was really what the city ought to have been spending its money on. I argued against it. Also for it."

"What did it turn out to be?"

"I don't know," I said. "It still wasn't finished when I graduated; my last editorial on it complained of 'unconscionable delays.' It might be a building, I suppose, or maybe a viaduct—unless, of course, it's an electrical generator. Or a dating service."

I know my wife was distressed that I had never made an effort to find out what parity means, although she bravely tried to hide her disappointment by calling me an ignoramus. In my defense, I can only say that once, many years ago, I suffered what the social scientists would call a strong disincentive to learning the meaning of parity; I knew someone who knew precisely what parity meant, and he couldn't seem to keep it to himself. Among the staff of a magazine we were both working for at the time, he was the writer who specialized in subjects like the workings of the Federal Reserve System and the legislation governing public housing—not to speak of parity. Not to speak of parity was something he rarely did in my presence. He must have known that, when it came to parity, my tabula was particularly rasa, because he seemed to respond to my presence the way a particularly zealous missionary responds to the presence of the village's most intractable idol worshipper. Listening to his explanatory drone was one of those experiences that instructs a young man in the blessings of selective ignorance.

"I think any well-informed citizen would know what parity means," my wife said, making it clear from the remark what sort of citizen she considered me.

I picked up the telephone and called a writer we know—a specialist in foreign affairs and some of the other black arts. "Ronald Reagan doesn't know what parity means," I said.

"I'm not surprised to hear it," the foreign affairs specialist said. "I have always assumed that even mild irony would be beyond his range."

"Not parody," I said. "Parity."

"Oh. Well."

"Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Do you know what parity means?"

There was a long pause. "Agriculture is, in fact, a peripheral issue," the foreign affairs specialist said. "The only issue that touches our survival—the survival of our society, the very survival of life on this planet—is the issue of war and peace."

Just as I thought. For further confirmation, I telephoned a friend who is known to be wise in the ways of New York politics.

"Do you know what parity is?" I asked.

"Of course I know what parity is," he said. "Parity is what the farmers are always kvetching about."

"That is precisely how much any well-informed citizen knows about parity," I said to my wife. "That it has something to do with farmers. It's just like Two-Words Tofsky's old trick."

"I suppose you're going to tell me who Two-Words Tofsky is even if I don't ask," she said.

"Glad you brought it up," I said. "Two-Words Tofsky was a college acquaintance of mine who understood that anyone could sound knowledgeable about any subject if he simply knew the right two words to put together. If someone mentioned Husserl, Two-Words would say something like, 'I decided phenomenology's not for me.' Someone asked him what he thought about Thoreau once, and he said 'Too outdoorsy.' Everybody thought Two-Words knew everything."

"And where is Two-Words today?"

"Last time I saw him, he was farming wheat in Kansas."

"And does he understand what parity is?"

"Of course not," I said. "But he was doing a lot of kvetching about it. I told him the farmers would be better off to forget about parity and start concentrating on productivity."

"What did you mean by that?"

"I haven't the foggiest," I said. "I don't know what productivity means either."

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

It is welcome news that Dr. Barry Commoner, director of the Center for Natural Systems at Washington University in St. Louis and a founder of the Citizens' Party, will set up a new institute at Queens College in Flushing, New York, to engage in research on the energy, pollution and resource problems of big cities. A distinguished scientist with active political interests, Dr. Commoner is an expert on "ecosystems" and, as such, senses the need for an urban ecology to study cities and their problems ranging from urban sprawl to the control of rats and stray dogs. Too many scientists, he feels, look on socially relevant research as "somehow second-class, not really fundamental," an attitude that makes him very uneasy. Obviously he is coming to the right place at the right time. New York is pre-eminently the city of problems, few of which have received the sustained research and attention they deserve from resident scientists.

In his junkets about the country speaking on behalf of the Citizens' Party, Dr. Commoner presents a compelling figure. He is personable, his ideas are clearly presented, and he speaks well, not so much as a politician but as a scientist obsessed with a sense of mission. He has been called "the professor with a class of millions," and he has impressive credentials. He insists that an all-out radical effort must be made to check the self-destructive massive waste and misuse of nonrenewable sources of energy. The faster these resources are exhausted, the swifter and higher the rise in energy costs. People must be made to realize that we face a major national crisis; present policies must be superseded by new ideas and new programs. He advocates intensive research on renewable resources of energy such as solar power and the conversion of waste products into alcohol, which would require funding for new agricultural programs. And he would link the proposed all-out assault on the energy problem with the problems of the big cities. New realities clamor for attention; priorities must be reordered, and the national interest defined. Dr. Commoner stresses that he is talking about popular control at every level of government but he is a little vague about how this control can be asserted and what forms it might take.

Watching Bill Moyers on his public television program of February 28, as he followed Dr. Commoner from meeting to meeting, I felt I was witnessing a remarkable political happening. Here, I decided, was a new kind of prophet, a practical scientist deeply concerned with self-evident political, social and economic realities long ignored by both parties and all the current Presidential contenders. Whether he is right in every detail of his projections and analyses is not the point. What matters is that he is directing public attention to the critical issues of the 1980s. He is frank, direct and mannerly but does not hesitate to tell Congressmen at public hearings that they don't know what they're talking about.

The highlight of Moyers's program consisted of a direct exchange between Dr. Commoner and Michael Harrington, an articulate socialist and moving force in the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, which has fought vigorous battles within the Democratic Party to move some of its policies in a more liberal direction. Harrington said he agreed with most of what Dr. Commoner had been saying but thought that Kennedy had the best chance of rallying the former elements of the New Deal coalition to the new standards. Commoner listened politely and then said he could not vote for Kennedy because his basic assumptions on energy and related problems were the same as Carter's and Reagan's. To Commoner the prime need is to wake people up; not to appeal to old coalitions but to rally the new constituencies. He would bring people back to politics. This is not, he insisted, an ordinary crisis; in a matter of life-and-death urgency it is irrelevant that one candidate might be preferable on a limited range of marginal issues when he merely echoes the conventional wisdom on major problems.

Ralph Nader observed that nuclear power was our "technological Vietnam," and that popular protests could stop it once the people knew the facts. Dr. Commoner is in a long tradition of political protest movements that shake up the establishment. Upton Sinclair's EPIC movement (End Poverty In California), for example, was organized outside the Democratic Party in California for the purpose of capturing control of it. And it succeeded. True, the movement subsided in a few years because conditions changed, but it did rejuvenate the party and set wheels spinning. The rather nutty pension plan of the good Dr. Townsend of Long Beach, California, caught on so fast nationally that Roosevelt was forced to push through the first Social Security legislation.

Popular protest movements have their uses, as the history of the Vietnam War demonstrates. But merely to jockey for power from within in the hope of winning marginal concessions on minor issues is not politically astute. Popular attention should be focused on the great emerging issues of the 1980s. People are catching on, as they finally did about Vietnam. "Winning" is not the issue in 1980. Education, understanding, popular comprehension are the immediate imperatives.

Commoner is right: it is the new constituencies—the people who are disillusioned by the broken promises of mainstream politicians—that need to be jarred out of their habits of wishful thinking and made to focus on the new and urgent realities. The potential is enormous, but first the popular protests must educate the people on the ways that they have been "snowed" for years and years by both major parties on the key issues. As Bill Moyers pointed out, for many of these new constituencies—the antinuclear protesters, the ecologists, those who would recapture popular power from the corporations, the myriad social-action groups—Dr. Commoner's work is the link between complex facts and moral issues. To them, Barry Commoner is a scientist whose rational analysis is a call to action, "a prophet whose vision of an alternative future points the way from one energy era to another with democracy intact."

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ARTICLES.

Islam Through Western Eyes

EDWARD W. SAID

The media have become obsessed with something called "Islam," which in their voguish lexicon has acquired only two meanings, both of them unacceptable and impoverishing. On the one hand, "Islam" represents the threat of a resurgent atavism, which suggests not only the menace of a return to the Middle Ages but the destruction of what Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan calls the democratic order in the Western world. On the other hand, "Islam" is made to stand for a defensive counterresponse to this first image of Islam as threat, especially when, for geopolitical reasons, "good" Moslems like the Saudi Arabians or the Afghan Moslem "freedom fighters" against the Soviet Union are in question. Anything said in defense of Islam is more or less forced into the apologetic form of a plea for Islam's humanism, its contributions to civilization, development and perhaps even to democratic niceness.

Along with that kind of counterresponse there is the occasional foolishness of trying to equate Islam with the immediate situation of one or another Islamic country, which in the case of Iran during the Shah's actual removal was perhaps a reasonable tactic. But after that exuberant period and during the hostage crisis, the tactic has become a somewhat trickier business. What is the Islamic apologist to say when confronted with the daily count of people executed by the Islamic komitehs, or when—as was reported on September 19, 1979, by Reuters—Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini announces that enemies of the Islamic revolution would be destroyed? The point is that both media meanings of "Islam" depend on each other, and are equally to be rejected for perpetuating the double bind.

How fundamentally narrow and constricted is the semantic field of Islam was brought home to me after my book *Orientalism* appeared last year. Even though I took great pains in the book to show that current discussions of the Orient or of the Arabs and Islam are fundamentally premised upon a fiction, my book was often interpreted as a defense of the "real" Islam. Whereas what I was trying to show was that any talk about Islam was radically flawed, not only because an unwarranted assumption was being made that a large ideologically freighted generalization could cover all the rich and diverse particularity of Islamic *life* (a very different thing) but also because it would simply be repeating the errors of Orientalism to claim that the correct view of Islam was X or Y or Z. And still I would receive invitations from various institutions to give a lecture on the true meaning of an Islamic Republic or on the Islamic view of peace. Either one found oneself defending Islam—as if the religion needed that kind of defense—or, by keeping silent, seeming to be tacitly accepting Islam's defamation.

But rejection alone does not take one very far, since if we are to claim, as we must, that as a religion and as a civilization Islam *does* have a meaning very much beyond either of the two currently given it, we must first be able to provide something in the way of a space in which to speak of Islam. Those who wish either to rebut the standard anti-Islamic and anti-Arab rhetoric that dominates the media and liberal intellectual discourse, or to avoid the idealization of Islam (to say nothing of its sentimentalization), find themselves with scarcely a place to stand on, much less a place in which to move freely.

From at least the end of the eighteenth century until our own day, modern Occidental reactions to Islam have been dominated by a type of thinking that may still be called Orientalist. The general basis of Orientalist thought is an imaginative geography dividing the world into two unequal parts, the larger and "different" one called the Orient, the other, also known as *our* world, called the Occident or the West. Such divisions always take place when one society or culture thinks about another one, different from it, but it is interesting that even when the Orient has uniformly been considered an inferior part of the world, it has always been endowed both with greater size and with a greater potential for power than the West. Insofar as Islam has always been seen as belonging to the Orient, its particular fate within the general structure of Orientalism has been to be looked at with a very special hostility and fear. There are, of course, many obvious religious, psychological and political reasons for this, but all of these reasons derive from a sense that so far as the West is concerned, Islam represents not only a formidable competitor but also a late-coming challenge to Christianity.

I have not been able to discover any period in European or American history since the Middle Ages in which Islam was generally discussed or thought about *outside* a framework created by passion, prejudice and political interests. This may not seem like a surprising discovery, but included in the indictment is the entire gamut of scholarly and scientific disciplines which, since the early nineteenth century, have either called themselves Orientalism or tried systematically to deal with the Orient. No one would disagree with the statement that early commentators on Islam like Peter the Venerable and Barthelemy D'Herbelot were passionate Christian polemicists in what they they said. But it has been an unexamined assumption that since Europe advanced into the modern scientific age and freed itself of superstition and ignorance, the march must have included Orientalism. Wasn't it true that Silvestre de Sacy, Edward Lane, Ernest Renan, Hamilton Gibb and Louis Massignon

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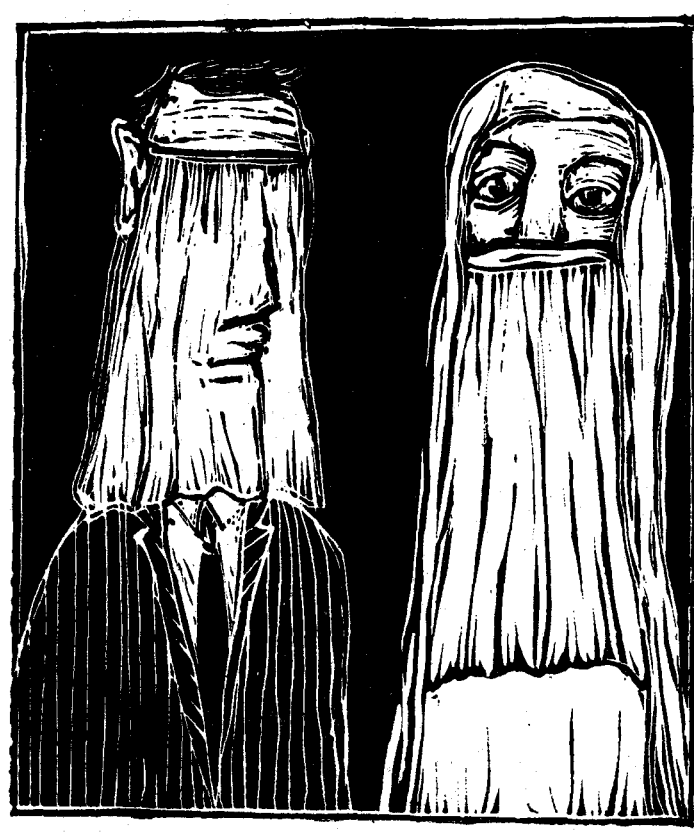
were learned, objective scholars, and isn't it true that, following upon all sorts of advances in twentieth-century sociology, anthropology, linguistics and history, American scholars who teach the Middle East and Islam in places like Princeton, Harvard and Chicago are therefore unbiased and free of special pleading in what they do? The answer is no. Not that Orientalism is more biased than other social and humanistic sciences; it is as ideological and as contaminated by the world as other disciplines. The main difference is that the Orientalists use the authority of their standing as experts to deny—no, to *cover*—their deep-seated feelings about Islam with a carpet of jargon whose purpose is to certify their "objectivity" and "scientific impartiality."

That is one point. The other distinguishes a historical pattern in what would otherwise be an undifferentiated characterization of Orientalism. Whenever in modern times there has been an acutely political tension felt between the Occident and *its* Orient (or between the West and *its* Islam), there has been a tendency to resort in the West not to direct violence but first to the cool, relatively detached instruments of scientific, quasi-objective representation. In this way Islam is made more clear, the true nature of its threat appears, an implicit course of action against it is proposed. In such a context both science and direct violence end up by being forms of aggression against Islam.

Two strikingly similar examples illustrate my thesis. We can now see retrospectively that during the nineteenth century both France and England preceded their occupations of portions of the Islamic East with a period in which the various scholarly means of characterizing and understanding the Orient underwent remarkable technical modernization and development. The French occupation of Algeria in 1830 followed a period of about two decades during which French scholars literally transformed the study of the Orient from an antiquarian into a rational discipline. Of course there had been Napoleon Bonaparte's occupation of Egypt in 1798, and of course one should remark the fact that he had prepared for his expedition by marshaling a sophisticated group of scientists to make his enterprise more efficient. My point, however, is that Napoleon's short-lived occupation of Egypt closed a chapter. A new one began with the long period during which, under de Sacy's stewardship at French institutions of Oriental study, France became the world leader in Orientalism; this chapter climaxed a little later when French armies occupied Algiers in 1830.

I do not at all want to suggest that there is a causal relationship between one thing and the other, nor to adopt the anti-intellectual view that all scientific learning necessarily leads to violence and suffering. All I want to say is that empires are not spontaneously born, nor during the modern period have they been run by improvisation. If the development of learning involves the redefinition and the reconstitution of fields of human experience by scientists who stand above the material they study, it is not impertinent to see the same development occurring among politicians whose realm of authority is redefined to include inferior regions of the world where new "national" interests can be discovered, and later seen to be in need of close supervision. I very much doubt that England would have occupied Egypt in so long and massively institutionalized a way were it not for the durable investment in Oriental learning first cultivated by scholars like Lane and William Jones. Familiarity, accessibility, representability: these were what Orientalists demonstrated about the Orient. The Orient could be seen, it could be studied, it could be managed. It need not remain a distant, marvelous, incomprehensible and yet very rich place. It could be brought home—or, more simply, Europe could make itself at home there, as it subsequently did.

My second example is a contemporary one. The Islamic Orient today is important for its resources or for its geopolitical location. Neither of these, however, is interchangeable with the interests, needs or aspirations of the native Orientals. Ever since the end of World War II, the United States has been taking positions of dominance and hegemony once held in the Islamic world by Britain and France. With this replacement of one imperial system by another have gone two things: first, a remarkable burgeoning of academic and expert interest in Islam, and, second, an extraordinary revolution in the techniques available to the largely private-sector press and electronic journalism industries. Together these two phenomena, by which a huge apparatus of university, government and business experts study Islam and the Middle East and by which Islam has become a subject familiar to every consumer of news in the West, have almost entirely domesticated the Islamic world. Not only has that world become the subject of the most profound cultural and economic Western saturation in history—for no non-Western realm has been so dominated by the United States as the Arab-Islamic world is dominated today—but the exchange between Islam and the West, in this



DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

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case the United States, is profoundly one-sided.

So far as the United States seems to be concerned, it is only a slight overstatement to say that Moslems and Arabs are essentially seen as either oil suppliers or potential terrorists. Very little of the detail, the human density, the passion of Arab-Moslem life has entered the awareness of even those people whose profession it is to report the Arab world. What we have instead is a series of crude, essentialized caricatures of the Islamic world presented in such a way as to make that world vulnerable to military aggression. I do not think it is an accident, therefore, that recent talk of U.S. military intervention in the Arabian Gulf (which began at least five years ago, well before the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan) has been preceded by a long period of Islam's rational presentation through the cool medium of television and through "objective" Orientalist study: in many ways our actual situation today bears a chilling resemblance to the nineteenth-century British and French examples previously cited.

Even if military aggression does not occur, the implications of all this are far-reaching. As mentioned earlier, Islam has uniformly appeared to Europe and the West in general as a threat. Today, the phenomenon is more in evidence than ever before because on the one hand there has been an enormous media convergence upon what has been called the emergence, return or resurgence of Islam, and on the other hand, because parts of the Islamic world—Palestine, Iran, Afghanistan among other places—which have been undergoing various unequal processes of historical development, have also seemed to be encroaching upon traditional Western (more particularly *American*) hegemony. The views of the experts and of the media are nearly identical on this. Far from attempting to refine, or even dissent from, the gross image of Islam as a threat, the intellectual and policy community in the United States has considerably enforced and concentrated the image. From Zbigniew Brzezinski's vision of the "crescent of crisis" to Bernard Lewis's "return of Islam," the picture drawn is a unanimous one. "Islam" means the end of civilization as "we" know it. Islam is antihuman, antidemocratic, anti-Semitic, antirational. University scholars whose professional lives are tied to the study of Islam have either been willing collaborators with this state of things, or if they have been silent, their marginality in the culture at large further confirms the fact that in the United States at least, there is no major segment of the polity, no significant sector of the culture, no part of the whole community capable of identifying sympathetically with the Islamic world.

On the other hand, most of the Third World is now fully bathed in U.S.-produced TV shows, and is wholly dependent upon a tiny group of news agencies that transmit news back to the Third World, even in the large numbers of cases where the news is *about* the Third World. From being the source of news, the Third World generally, and Islamic countries in particular, have become consumers of news. For the first time in history (for the first time, that is, on such a scale) the Islamic world may be said to be learning *about itself* in part by means of images, histories and information manufactured in the West. If one adds to this the fact that students and scholars in the Islamic world are still dependent upon U.S. and European libraries and institutions of learning for what now passes as Middle Eastern studies (consider, for example, that there isn't a single first-rate, usable library of Arabic material in the entire Islamic world), plus the fact that English is a world language in a way that Arabic isn't, plus the fact that for its elite the Islamic world is now producing a managerial class of basically subordinate natives who are indebted for their economies, their defense establishments and for their political ideas to the worldwide consumer-market system controlled in the West—one gets an accurate, although extremely depressing, picture of what the media revolution (serving a small segment of the societies that produced it) has done to Islam.

To the extent that Islam is known about today, it is known principally in the form given it by the mass media: not only radio, films and TV but also textbooks, magazines and best-selling, high-quality novels. This corporate picture of Islam on the whole is a depressing and misleading one. What emerges is that Ayatollah Khomeini, Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi, Sheik Ahmad Zaki Yamani and Palestinian terrorists are the best-known figures in the foreground, while the background is populated by shadowy (although extremely frightening) notions about *jihad*, slavery, subordination of women and irrational violence combined with extreme licentiousness. If you were to ask an average literate Westerner to name an Arab or Islamic writer, or a musician, or an intellectual, you might get a name like Kahlil Gibran in response, but nothing else. In other words, whole swatches of Islamic history, culture and society simply do not exist except in the truncated, tightly packaged forms made current by the media. As Herbert Schiller has said, TV's images tend to present reality in too immediate and fragmentary a form for either historical or human continuity to appear. Islam therefore is equivalent to an undifferentiated mob of scimitar-waving oil suppliers, or it is reduced to the utterances of one or another Islamic leader who at the moment happens to be a convenient foreign scapegoat.

We are well past the point of being able to say whether the media or the experts or the governments or the mass audience are to blame for this state of affairs. With very few exceptions, one is struck by the blinding uniformity of the picture. Perhaps it is true that the state of information that now exists on any subject is as standardized, and as low, as this one; and perhaps also it is true that whatever the experts, the special-interest groups, the manipulators touch they turn into flatness, ignorance and stereotypes. But we must be especially alarmed that whether Islam is depicted on television, or whether it turns up in school textbooks, or whether it appears in best-selling novels by high-class novelists, or whether it is learnedly discussed by an academic expert on Islam (who is still respected in parts of the Arab world), the picture is almost exactly the same. That does not mean that the picture is an inaccurate one; rather, it is a picture; it has the consistency of something made up, not of life; it portrays certain aspects of what Marshall Hodgson has called the

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Islamicate world, but deforms them into a pattern that expresses certain things about a mass-media society, very little about what is referred to as Islam. What is crucially important about this presentation of Islam is the media's ascendancy, their intellectual and perceptual hegemony, over the whole thing, and since the media sell their product to consumers who prefer simplicity to complexity, the uniform image of Islam that emerges is constructed out of much the same material from which history, society and humanity have been eliminated.

What can be done? To begin with, what should be avoided is an attempt to alter, improve, beautify, make more appealing the image of Islam. Such an effort falls into the trap of believing that reductive images can be made substitutes for a very complex reality, and it ends up perpetuating the entire system of ideological fictions by which Islam is made to do service for Western designs upon riches, peoples and territories that happen to call themselves Moslem. A hard and fast distinction has to be made between serious consideration of the Islamicate world and nearly everything that passes for Islam in the media and in all but a few places in the culture. One cannot look for help in promoting serious investigative discussion of Islam—even as a subject of academic inquiry—among traditional Orientalists or within the normally constructed programs of Middle East studies in today's Western universities. On the other hand, younger scholars and students can be extremely useful in carrying work beyond the prejudices and constrictions of their elders. And, just as important, a serious interest in the problems of Islamic society and Islamic people is very likely to develop not among the Middle East experts, or media people who have a purported specialty in modern Islam, but inside segments of the population who have a wider and more serious view of human problems in general: men and women who are committed not to Orient and Occident but to the cause of human rights, rather than lobbyists who act on behalf of human rights when they are paid to do so; students of comparative literature rather than Semitic philologists who know nothing about other literatures and who care very little for the contemporary world; genuinely enterprising sociologists who know something about theory and care a great deal about issues confronting concrete societies, rather than specialists in the Islamic mind or in a monolithic thing called Islamic society. Whatever the person, whichever the field of endeavor, I doubt that there can be any substitute for a genuinely engaged and sympathetic—as opposed to a narrowly political or hostile—attitude to the Islamic world. Indeed, I suspect that only if we get beyond politicized labels like "East" and "West" will we be able to reach the real world at all.

As for what the Islamic, and more especially the Arab-Islamic, world might do, this can be put very simply. There is no longer any excuse for bewailing the hostility of the "West" toward the Arabs and Islam and then sitting back in outraged righteousness. When the reasons for this hostility and those aspects of the "West" that encourage it are analyzed, an important step has been taken toward fighting it, but that is by no means the whole way. Certainly there are great dangers today in actually *following*, actually *fulfilling* this hostile image of Islam—and that has only been the doing, it is true, of *some* Moslems and *some* Arabs and *some* black Africans. But such fulfillments underline the importance of what still has to be done. In the great rush to industrialize, modernize and develop itself, the Islamicate world has been compliant about turning itself into a great consumers' market. To dispel the myths and stereotypes of Orientalism, the world as a whole has to be given an opportunity to see Moslems and Orientals producing a different form of history, a new kind of sociology, a new cultural awareness: in short, the relatively modest goal of *writing* a new form of history, investigating the Islamicate world and its many different societies with a genuine seriousness of purpose and a love of truth. But, alas, we must recognize that even with vast sums of money easily available, the Islamic world as a whole does not seem interested in promoting learning, building libraries, establishing research institutes whose main purpose would be modern scientific attention to Islamic realities and to seeing whether in fact there is something specifically Islamic about the Islamic world.

Why is there a rush instead to produce row upon row of functionally illiterate technicians—with each new generation more likely than its predecessors to be vulnerable to the media revolution in its worst excesses? This is the great question of the hour. If it is a fact that this is the general direction taken by Third World countries that have recently gained their independence, it isn't much of a consolation to say confidently that the problem is not an *Islamic* one but a social and cultural one. Nor is the rhetorical attack upon neo-imperialism very convincing at a time when national governments and rulers openly espouse values that further the new style of imperialism without colonies. To say that this reflects a preoccupation with rhetoric and style at the expense of concrete substance is, however, not to have learned anything from what we have been calling the distortion of the Arab-Islamic image in the Western media. That this distortion has occurred at all is a function of power, and in this instance style and image are direct political indices of power. Thus, we must conclude that any drastic attempt to correct distortions of Islam and the Arabs is a political question involving the use and deployment of power.

Let me return now to the power of the media in the current situation involving Islam. As the press comes to perceive an increasing number of Moslems as American enemies, rulers like Egypt's President Anwar el-Sadat (whose remark that Khomeini was a lunatic and a disgrace to Islam was repeated ad nauseam) have been made to seem like a more desirable Islamic norm. The same is true of the Saudi royal family, although what generally goes unreported as a result is a considerable amount of disturbing information and, in the case of Iran, this deepens the hostage crisis.

Since the Camp David agreements of 1978 there has been a consensus that Sadat is our friend in the region; along with Prime Minister Menachem Begin of Israel he has been openly proclaiming his willingness to become a regional policeman and to give the United States bases on his territory. As a

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consequence, nearly everything reported out of Egypt effectively makes his point of view seem like the correct one on matters Egyptian, Arab and regional. Egypt and the Arab world, in fact, are now often reported with a view to confirming Sadat's pre-eminence; little appears about the widespread opposition to him. Exactly the same thing happened during the Pahlevi regime, of course, when, with the exception of Berkeley scholar Hamid Algar, no one paid the slightest attention to the potential of the Shah's religious and political opposition. Many of our political, military, strategic and economic investments today are made through Sadat, and by virtue of Sadat's perspective on things.

There are other reasons too. One is the Middle East's sensitive *domestic* aspects for this country. It is no accident, for example, that even after Watergate and the revelations about the Central Intelligence Agency (and even with the Freedom of Information Act), there have been no major discoveries concerning U.S. activities in the Middle East. This is surprising in the case of Iran, not simply because so many Americans were on the take from the Shah but also because of Israel's extremely close involvement with the United States there under the ex-Shah's regime. Savak was set up with the direct help of the Mossad, the Israeli intelligence agency, and, as in many other cases, the C.I.A. and the Federal Bureau of Investigation cooperated willingly with the Israeli secret services.

In addition, there is an increasingly influential new lobby in this country whose main function is to assure the U.S. public that the present Arab regimes in the Gulf are stable. Among all the reporters for the major networks and newspapers, in fact, only CBS's Ed Bradley noted on November 24, 1979, that all information about the November occupation of the Great Mosque in Mecca came from the Government and that no other news was permitted. Subsequently, *The Christian Science Monitor*'s Helena Cobban reported from Beirut on November 30 that the mosque's seizure had a very definite *political* meaning, that far from being Islamic fanatics, the attackers were part of a political network having a secular as well as an Islamic program, pointedly directed at the political and financial monopoly held by the Saudi royal family. One month after her article appeared, the Saudi spokesman for the group, who had given Cobban the story, was picked up off a Beirut street and has disappeared; Saudi intelligence is reportedly behind the man's abduction.

With the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, we are probably going to have an even more dramatic cleavage separating good Moslems from bad. We will undoubtedly be seeing ever more news hailing the achievements of good Moslems like Sadat, Pakistan's Zia ul-Haq and the Afghan Moslem insurgents—more equating of good Islam with anti-Communism and, if possible, with modernization. As for Moslems who do not serve our purposes, they will, as always, be portrayed as backward fanatics. □

DEMONSTRATION FOR A NON-NUCLEAR WORLD—Washington, D.C., Saturday, April 26. For details, contact your local antinuclear group.

More Than People Died At Kent State

JAMES MUNVES

The shooting of thirteen students (four killed, nine wounded) on the Kent State University campus at midday on May 4, 1970, before hundreds of onlookers, represented the most blatant violation of civil rights since the Palmer Raids of 1920. Like the raids, and the equally egregious wartime internment of Japanese-Americans, the shootings were official misconduct, in violation of the U.S. Constitution and of state and Federal statutes. But, unlike them, they were never subjected to any real adjudication or correction.

The decisions and verdicts of various courts and juries relating to the shootings, and the events leading up to them, have eroded the protections granted by the First and Fifth Amendments and set precedents that will haunt us in any future era of civil unrest. Most of the grave issues raised were never dealt with by the judicial system. It is this failure of adjudication—of the legal process itself—rather than the shootings, horrible as those were, that represents the meaning of Kent State and the essential damage it has done.

The one ruling that did emerge from all the litigation has disastrous implications for the First Amendment. That ruling was made by the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals in September 1977 in connection with its reversal of the jury verdict against the plaintiffs in the 1975 Federal suit against Gov. James Rhodes, the president of the university and a number of Ohio guardsmen. The Sixth Circuit ruled that the National Guardsmen had been justified in dispersing the noon rally on the Kent State campus. Its decision was based on Supreme Court decisions that university restraints on demonstrations in the interest of keeping classrooms open were permissible within the First Amendment. The Sixth Circuit decision thus assumes that the rally at Kent State had been banned by the *university*. To say the least, this assumption is hardly unassailable. In the first place, the authority cited for banning the rally was a letter of May 3, signed by a vice president of the university and the president of the student body:

> The Governor, through the National Guard, has assumed legal control of the campus and city of Kent. As currently defined, the state of emergency has established the following:
>
> 1. Prohibited all forms of outdoor demonstrations and rallys [*sic*] peaceful or otherwise.
> 2. Empowered the National Guard to make arrests. . . .

James Munves is co-author, with attorney Joseph Kelner, of The Kent State Coverup, *to be published by Harper & Row on May 4.*

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The above will remain in effect until altered or removed by order of the Governor.

The letter describes a state of martial law. Furthermore, on May 5, the day following the shootings, Governor Rhodes issued a proclamation stating that martial law had been in effect since April 29, and university officials and Guard officers testified at the civil trial that the letter had been drafted in consultation with the National Guard.

It is certainly highly probable, therefore, that, contrary to the Sixth Circuit opinion, the noon rally was dispersed not in accordance with a university directive but because the university was under martial law. But according to the decision in *ex parte Milligan*, the famous Civil War case that affirmed the right of *habeas corpus* in wartime, "Martial rule can never exist where the courts are open, and in the proper and unobstructed exercise of their jurisdiction." The courts, of course, were open and functioning in Portage County. The First Amendment issue in the Kent State shootings thus boils down to a martial-law issue. An illegal declaration of martial law is a direct and powerful violation of civil rights "under color of state law" and should subject a governor to criminal prosecution under the Federal Civil Rights Act. Governor Rhodes was never so prosecuted.

The result of the failure to prosecute and of the Sixth Circuit ruling is that in the future any governor can break up an assembly with impunity, after declaring martial law under circumstances permitting "deniability." (Governor Rhodes subsequently claimed he had cited the wrong statute in his May 5 proclamation. As the old rhyme says: "Who to himself is law, no law doth need,/Offends no law, and is a king indeed.")

The violation of the students' Fifth Amendment rights grew out of the violation of their First Amendment rights in that the dispersal branded what had been peaceful demonstrators as rioters who could, under Ohio Guard regulations, be shot for "endangering human life." The actual violation occurred when the guardsmen pulled the triggers while standing in a commanding position atop Blanket Hill with only five students within 85 feet (the closest 60 feet). Two of the students were motionless and the others were moving away from the guardsmen, yet they directed their fire down into a parking lot more than 250 feet distant. They inflicted summary punishment without trial, acting as prosecutors, judges and executioners.

Yet no guardsman was ever held accountable for his acts, even though the Ohio Guard's own commander, Maj. Gen. Sylvester Del Corso, admitted before a Federal grand jury in testimony published in September 1975 in *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* that the shooting was unjustified and even though the Justice Department concluded that at least six guardsmen were "possibly" criminally liable under Ohio law and under the criminal section of the Federal civil rights law. Their exculpation can only encourage other guardsmen or law-enforcement officers to fire weapons in some future confrontation with dissenters.

Nor does the Kent State experience offer any reassurance about the military's various restrictions on maximum force in crowd-control situations. All military restraints on firepower contain loopholes permitting use of lethal force in "self-defense." If the courts are to allow the subjective judgment of the person pulling the trigger to stand as the decisive evidence of the existence of a life-threatening situation, the restraints become meaningless. (This is, of course, the problem in adjudicating cases of unwitnessed individual police violence.) The Kent State shootings, which occurred in daylight before a multitude of witnesses and which were recorded in literally thousands of photographs, motion pictures and sound recording tapes, offered an unprecedented opportunity for measuring subjective judgments (or self-serving statements) against objective reality. But, in spite of the wealth of evidence, no guardsman was ever criminally prosecuted for manslaughter under Ohio law or subjected to jury judgment under the criminal provision of the Federal civil rights law. Moreover, as part of the out-of-court settlement of the civil suit in January 1979, the plaintiffs themselves accepted a "statement of regret" in which Governor Rhodes and the twenty-eight guardsmen wrote that ". . . some of the Guardsmen on Blanket Hill, fearful and anxious from prior events, *may have believed in their own minds that their lives were in danger.*" (Italics added.)

From the beginning, those wounded on the campus and their families, and the aggrieved families of the dead, had been concerned, as they put it in their formal statement, "to assert that the human rights of American citizens, particularly those citizens in dissent of governmental policies . . . be effected and protected." The failure of the criminal justice system left them only the recourse of a civil damage suit. Although a poor substitute for criminal prosecution, the civil case could have resulted in the imposition, against the Governor and the National Guardsmen, of money damages

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sizable enough to deter future recklessness. The defendants, however, were cushioned by the state's assumption of the cost of their defense and the almost certain prospect that any adverse judgment would also be met by the taxpayers (as indeed it was when the inadequate out-of-court $675,000 settlement was reached). In any event, the civil trial of the summer of 1975 was carried out in an atmosphere that made a mockery of the plaintiffs' case.

Nothing that grew out of the Kent State shootings will discourage another national administration or governor from seeking, when expedient, another bloody confrontation. Nothing that grew out of the shootings affirms that our liberties remain intact. The real victims of Kent State are all of us. □

C.I.A. Secret Missionaries

Until 1975, the Central Intelligence Agency routinely used missionaries and clerics as informants and for covert activities. This was particularly true in Latin America, where most of the fourteen documented cases of collaboration with the C.I.A. occurred.

Now, under foreign intelligence charter legislation being considered by the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, the C.I.A. would again be empowered to use church groups to gather intelligence. White House spokesmen claim that the C.I.A. would enlist missionaries only if "it is terribly important." They also state that the Government will support a charter to "protect the integrity" of missionaries and clerics. On the basis of the C.I.A.'s past record, however, such assurances are dubious—as is shown by the following passage excerpted from Penny Lernoux's Cry of the People, *to be published by Doubleday on May 2.*

—The Editors

PENNY LERNOUX

Adolfo Centeno Alancastro was suitably sympathetic. It really was a shame, he told the Uruguayan Jesuit, how brutish Uruguayan police agents were, but what could you do with people who thought that Medellín* was the name of a person and confused pictures of Christ with Che Guevara.

The police had just ransacked the priest's house in Montevideo, carrying off his entire library to burn, including a rare collection of theological treatises, and here was their boss commiserating with him over the loss of his life's work! According to Centeno, such incidents would never happen if Church officials would only cooperate with educated policemen like himself.

Whatever his claims, Centeno had bona fide credentials, for, like his counterparts in Brazil and Chile, he could demonstrate an intimate knowledge of theology and Church politics, as well as an expertise in intelligence and "dirty tricks," courtesy of the C.I.A. After years of using and abusing local and foreign religious groups in Latin America, the C.I.A. now appears to be seeking a lower profile in this area, partly because of the ruckus caused by indignant Catholic and Protestant organizations in the United States following revelations in 1975 of C.I.A. penetration of missionary groups. More to the point, the Latin American security agencies can now do the job themselves. Centeno, for example, was trained in the Panama Canal Zone; his boss at the Uruguayan Interior Ministry, Luis Vargas Garmendia, was an old C.I.A. hand who had worked with former C.I.A. agent Philip Agee in the 1960s. The pair spent their time making life difficult for diplomats from the socialist countries accredited to Uruguay back in the days when Uruguay was still a democracy. Vargas Garmendia was generally thought to have planned the murders of two former Uruguayan Senators in Buenos Aires in 1976. He was later made secretary to President Aparicio Méndez, front man for Uruguay's repressive military regime.

Because of his background in Church affairs, acquired during a stint in Central America, Centeno was chosen to monitor and persecute Uruguay's critical Catholic Church. Also useful were his credentials as a militant in Catholic Action, a laymen's movement that was influential in Latin America during the 1960s. Centeno professed not to understand why Uruguayan priests were so "strangely" reluctant to answer questions, whereas his experience with Catholics in Central America had been "just the opposite." But in view of the regime's arrest and/or expulsion of fifteen religious between 1972 and 1976, the closure of five Church publications and a smear campaign against Montevideo's Archbishop Carlos Parteli, labeled a Communist because he defended human rights, such reticence was well-founded. Though an "educated" policeman, Centeno specialized in the "black propaganda" of half-truths or outright lies practiced by the C.I.A. in its work with Church groups in Ecuador, Brazil and Chile during the 1960s and early 1970s. When such important Montevideo bookstores as Ramos y Mosca refused to stock *The Church of Silence*, a slanderous attack on Chile's bishops by a right-wing Catholic group known as Tradition, Family, and Property (T.F.P.), Centeno threatened the owners.

Men like Centeno owe their skills in part to the Agency for International Development's police training programs, but they also adhere to a long tradition of Church spying that dates to the C.I.A.'s forerunner, the Office of Strategic Services (O.S.S.), formed during World War II. Later, during the cold war, U.S. missionaries routinely collaborated with the C.I.A. and, on their return to the United States, visited the State Department to be debriefed. In those days there was nothing conspiratorial about this relationship, nor any suggestion of moral conflict: most missionaries shared

*The historic conference of Latin American bishops held in the Colombian city of Medellín in 1968 that set the hemisphere's Catholic Church on a new course for social justice.

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the concerns of their Government, particularly about the spread of Communism. A number of Foreign Service personnel came from missionary backgrounds, and it was not uncommon for missionaries to take sides in military/ideological confrontations.

During the 1960s, when the Alliance for Progress was in vogue, nobody questioned its relationship with the missionaries, since church groups and the U.S. Government were agreed on the twin priorities of economic development and anti-Communism. "Part of the problem stems from the fact that the great Latin crusade by the churches in the 1950s and 1960s merged, at times almost totally, with the thrust of the Alliance for Progress and its Truman-Eisenhower predecessors," said Thomas Quigley, assistant director of the Division for Latin America of the U.S. Catholic Conference.

> The stated goals were to promote development and contain Communism and few then realized the ambiguities contained in that statement. Only later was it learned that development, as practiced, benefited the rich at the expense of the poor, and that containment of Communism was often simplistically equated with protecting an unjust and un-Christian status quo. Now we see those aspects. But at that time, the average missionary—perhaps especially the socially progressive ones—sensed a greater affinity with certain people from the local United States Embassy or consulate than with fellow missionaries from another country or even congregation. The prime targets for C.I.A. contact were precisely such pragmatic liberals sent in large numbers during the period to Latin America from the United States churches—the "concerned" missionaries from the mainline Protestant churches and from Catholic societies like Maryknoll and the Jesuits.

Typical of this sort of collaboration was the Protestant missionary in Bolivia who regularly met with a C.I.A. agent to pass on "all sorts of information about unions and farmers' cooperatives," according to a highly placed minister in the same denomination. "Now," said the minister, "if a missionary had a similar connection, I would call him in and fire him." U.S. missionaries today wonder how they could have been so easily deceived. Looking back, one priest who had worked in Bolivia at the time when U.S. Special Forces were combing the jungles for Che Guevara and his guerrillas, explained: "The maneuver was to butter one up as to one's knowledge of the terrain and the people, a kind of anthropological recognition of one's merits as a person who knew the area. At the time, most missionaries were very naïve and it usually worked. I don't know what good I was but I talked a lot over beers, feeling flattered by the attention. Later I realized who my drinking companions were."

Darryl Hunt, a Maryknoll missionary who headed the Lima-based Latinamerica Press news service, covering hemispheric Church affairs, recalled that C.I.A. visits to Maryknoll headquarters in New York were routine up to a decade ago, when the order's superiors were alerted to the Agency's intentions. "They tried to get information from the missionaries in the field by developing friendships with them and appearing to ask disinterested questions without identifying themselves as C.I.A.," he added. "U.S. Embassy officials in Lima asked me questions about progressive priests' movements in Peru that later seemed highly suspect."

Jim O'Brien, a former priest who worked in Guatemala in the late 1960s, described how C.I.A. agent Sean Holly used his background as a Maryknoll seminarian to develop contacts with U.S. missionaries. Officially listed as the labor attaché, Holly was later kidnapped by a Guatemalan guerrilla group and freed in exchange for four political prisoners held by the Guatemalan Government. Holly's job, said O'Brien, was to keep tabs on U.S. missionaries, particularly Maryknoll priests and nuns.

According to John Marks, a former State Department intelligence analyst and co-author of the controversial *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, 30 to 40 percent of the churchmen he interviewed, during an investigation of the subject, knew of a C.I.A.-church connection. Marks also reported a retired C.I.A. agent as stating: "Hell, I'd use anybody if it was to the furtherance of an objective. I've used Buddhist monks, Catholic priests, and even a Catholic bishop."

It is precisely this amoral—some would say immoral—attitude that altered the thinking of many missionaries: that and political conditions in the countries where they worked. In the days before Vietnam and Watergate, few missionaries questioned U.S. support of right-wing dictatorships, because those governments claimed to be anti-Communist. But as the United States expanded its role as world policeman, its police methods becoming ever more dubious, the missionary was forced to face the conflict posed by his dual role as American citizen and bearer of Christ's universal Good News. Indigenous Christians were suffering imprisonment, torture and death, as well as hunger and social discrimination, at the hands of repressive governments, and yet these governments were receiving U.S. economic and military aid, and in some instances had been brought to power

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by the United States. For the missionaries working and living with these people, this was not a remote issue of foreign relations but a question of neighbors and friends. As one Protestant writer put it, "Most missionaries loved the countries and the people where they worked far too much to knowingly damage them." Thus, when these missionaries realized that they had been used as tools by their own Government to harm the interests of the people they had thought to serve, they were shocked and angry. The crux of the matter was the blatant violation of freedom of worship, one of the fundamental guarantees in the U.S. Constitution, by an agency funded by American taxpayers, and all on behalf of right-wing political interests. According to U.S. Senate investigations, the C.I.A. attempted to play God in Latin America, deciding who should be President, who should be eliminated, how the people should live and whom they should have as allies and enemies. Foreign missionaries and local religious groups were among the many means used to achieve these ends, but because of what they believed and taught, their manipulation must be viewed as an act of calculated cynicism.

C.I.A. Director William Colby's assertion that C.I.A. use of clergy and churches was "no reflection upon their integrity or mission" was absurd: there is conclusive proof that the C.I.A. used religious groups in Latin America for its own secret ends. At the same time it contributed to the persecution and division of Latin America's Catholic Church by supporting right-wing Catholic groups, and financed and trained police agencies responsible for the imprisonment, torture and murder of priests, nuns and bishops, some of them U.S. citizens. That is why missionary groups in the United States have changed from complacent collaborators to harsh critics of the C.I.A. —they have seen the results of the Agency's intervention with their own eyes.

After President Ford announced his approval of illegal U.S. intervention in the internal affairs of the Latin American countries, sixteen officials of Catholic and Protestant mission agencies wrote him:

> Contrary to what you would have us believe, C.I.A. covert actions in the Third World frequently support undemocratic governments that trample on the rights of their own people. We missionaries have felt first-hand the effects of such interventions, which are certainly not in "the best interests" of the majority of the citizens of those countries. . . . Nor do such actions, which are prohibited by international law and by Article 6 of our own Constitution, serve "our best interests," as you stated. Gangster methods undermine world order and promote widespread hatred of the United States.

Warned *New World Outlook*, published by agencies of the United Methodist and United Presbyterian churches: one cannot "defend democracy by destroying it." As long as U.S. citizens shrug their shoulders, romanticize "spy thrillers" and pass the buck to politicians, it added, there will be blood on our hands, "for it is our money and our government that pay for the regimes that do the killing."

To avoid a repetition of the C.I.A. connection of the 1950s and 1960s, a number of church groups set up watchdog committees. The Church of the Brethren's general board, for example, instructed its missionary personnel to "avoid any relationship with the C.I.A.," and a Washington-based ecumenical organization representing Catholic and Protestant missionary groups went so far as to prepare a primer on "how to identify spooks."

Judging by the statements of C.I.A. officials, there were good reasons for such caution. In response to a letter from Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon, who had expressed concern over the C.I.A.'s continued use of religious organizations, Director Colby said he believed "it would be neither necessary nor appropriate to bar any connection between the C.I.A. and the clergy and the churches." It "would be a mistake and impose a handicap on this agency that would reduce its future effectiveness to a degree not warranted by the real facts of the situation."

David A. Phillips, the C.I.A. former chief of Latin American operations and a self-appointed public relations spokesman for the Agency, said that "any information-gathering organization would be derelict if it did not take advantage of the in-depth experience of American clerics working in the area." He added that C.I.A. contacts with U.S. missionaries were "to mutual advantage," though he failed to specify what advantage a missionary might gain from collaborating with an agency involved in the arrest and abuse of priests. Phillips is himself a good example of the mentality that has alienated and shocked so many religious groups. His book, *The Night Watch*, a C.I.A. whitewash that does not even try to refute ex-C.I.A. agent Agee's *CIA Diary*, makes it evident that in the C.I.A. no means, however illegal or unpleasant, is ever questioned if it achieves the desired goal. While admitting reservations about the C.I.A.'s operations in Chile, for example, Phillips justified the Agency's intervention by arguing that orders were orders—after all, who was going to deny President Nixon if he wanted Salvador Allende's head? There is no room for moral distinctions in that line of reasoning, and collaboration with the C.I.A. is indeed a reflection on the integrity and mission of U.S. churchmen, whatever Colby may say. Phillips's assertion that C.I.A. contacts with missionary groups have declined in recent years is undoubtedly true, but that is more because missionaries have learned to be suspicious than because the C.I.A. has resolved to be scrupulous.

If Congress heeds current demands to "unleash" the C.I.A. and removes the checks on recruitment of U.S. church missions in Latin America and elsewhere by the Agency, the attempts to enlist churchmen in espionage activities will both provoke resistance from the religious groups and once again put all Americans resident abroad under the burden of proving to suspicious local populations that they are not spies. The good name of our missionaries in Latin America has only begun to recover from the severe damage caused by the corruption of a few in the past; a reversion now to the policy of "any means to achieve whatever ends" can only make the damage permanent. Congress should place the strongest possible ban on any covert use of our clergy in foreign lands. □

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Love Song

(Continued From Front Cover)

then he poses a second question: can our government be competent? We soon learn that by "competent" Jimmy Carter means managerially efficient, smoothly rationalized, organized in detailed ways. Now we sense the mind of the bookkeeper at work. Curiously, in his discursive forays into paeans to the people, Carter's prose is flat, occasionally tendentious, bordering on the banal. He speaks in general, unimpassioned ways about "the highest common ideals of human beings," about commitment and about how "our *people* are our most precious possession."

Carter calls for morality in government and for "honesty, integrity, fairness, liberty, justice, courage, patriotism, compassion, love"—words he claims to have found in the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, the Emancipation Proclamation and the Old and New Testaments. I doubt that a close textual exegesis of the political documents would reveal the Founding Fathers using the language of love; one would have to turn to the biblical sources, especially the New Testament, for that. But Carter lumps them all together indiscriminately as "good" or as support for a vague and ill-defined faith he himself describes as populist. Falling into the language of humanistic psychology and self-help, Carter states that he has "come to realize that in every person there is something fine and pure and noble, along with a desire for self-fulfillment." The upshot of this testimonial is that government, by stripping away secrecy and letting the sun shine in, will "be what our people are."

Compassion, love, "the people," then, comprise one element of Carter's advocacy of the best (himself). But he has another: competence. It is in his discussions of his attempts to deal with the evils of disorganization and waste as Governor of Georgia that Carter's platitudinous prose begins to wax perfervid. Long-range planning and detailed administration are "challenging and enjoyable." Zero-based budgeting inspires in Jimmy Carter such ecstasy that the text begins to fill out and up with exclamation points! Evoking the bane of disorganization and waste, Carter intones: "We changed all of this in my state and devised a procedure whereby the future budgets would start from scratch—at zero!" "Decision packages," "priority arrangements" and computer code numbers assigned to decision packages roll off Carter's pen with fluent ease. Proof of victory is lodged as Carter reveals that he succeeded in streamlining and rationalizing state government by cutting overlapping agencies. Once again note the enthusiasm: "Our later analysis revealed 300 agencies and we abolished 278 of them!"

Re-reading Carter, I was struck by the detailed, enthusiastic manner in which he spoke of mechanics and procedures, and the contrasting vacuity that characterized his dis-

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cussions of principle, his vision for the country, if you will. He concludes by claiming that compassion and competence are Siamese twins. The reason they have so often been set at odds lies in the failure of political leaders to fully appreciate the "innate quality and character of our people" and to understand the sheer joy of details when one rationalizes government. As President, he assures us, he will follow the lead of many "state and local governments" which have successfully "devised clear and simple organizational structures, effective and incisive budgeting techniques, comprehensive planning procedures. . . . The mechanism of our government should be understandable, efficient, and economical . . . and it can be."

In his famous *New York Times* interview with Norman Mailer, Carter appears dull and uninteresting—and embarrassingly simplistic—when he romanticizes "the people" and spells out the fantasy of forging a link animated by "love" between them and himself. But where Jimmy Carter really comes alive is on the solid low ground of zero-based budgeting. Mailer plays into the farce. He states: "If the candidate was in any way a philosopher, his thought had to reside in the way things were done. It was government itself that fascinated Carter—then let them talk about government, its use and abuse. As Governor of Georgia, Carter had a pet program; zero-based budgeting it was called. He promised to install it in Washington as soon as his Administration came in. All right, then, on the field of zero-based budgeting they would meet." And they did. Carter's previously uninformative and diffuse responses, a sharp contrast to Mailer's existential intensity, suddenly became incisive, concrete perorations, short position papers celebrating efficiency. It is clear—it should have been at the time, and for many perhaps it was, but it is disturbingly clear from hindsight—that this is where Jimmy Carter's soul really resides. He speaks of forcing bureaucrats to analyze what "their productivity ought to be" and their "outputs" and of how he added "an incentive reward program" of up to $2,000, a kind of Georgia State Stakhanovism, for the worker who did the best job of winnowing "moribund programs."

Throughout the campaign, along with telling us of his love for us, Jimmy Carter promised an Administration filled with "independent, competent *managers*" who would share with him the "responsibilities of evolving long-range consistent purposes for the Administration." The managerial mentality is not known for its sense of vision, compassion and justice, but Carter saw no conflict. He combined in hapless confusion populist terms of discourse with the language of technocratic rationality. At the same time as he was celebrating managerialism, Carter issued a position paper (April 22, 1976) which stated: "There are far more humane and economically sound solutions to curbing inflation than enforced recession, unemployment, monetary restrictions and high interest rates." His, he promised, would be an Administration of compassion, justice and mercy.

Carter's Inaugural Address stands as a triumphant expression of faith couched, alas, in language that draws as much from the human potential movement as it does from the Bible and terms of American political discourse. The President quotes his high school teacher, Miss Julia Coleman, and the prophet Micah, and then confides to us his sense of his "great responsibility: to stay close to you, to be worthy of you, and to exemplify what you are." Unity, trust, human rights, vigilance, proud idealism, perseverance, humility, mercy, justice, breaking down barriers of mistrust, productive work, respect for law and equal treatment under it: these are the terms and ideals stated, if not exemplified, in the Inaugural Address. It is worth reflecting on Carter's "great responsibility." Staying "close to us" is embarrassingly trite and an instance of that confusion endemic to human potential movement prose, a confusion of what the philosopher Wittgenstein might call "language games" or levels of discourse. (Carter's evangelist sister, Ruth Stapleton, one might add, also preaches a brand of Christianity that is closer to the soothing language of Esalenese than it is to traditional Christianity's exhortation that the way is not easy and the yoke is not light.)

Clearly it is not possible, assuming it were desirable, for the President of the United States or anybody else to have an intimate relationship with some millions of individuals. To deploy language that eliminates by linguistic fiat the distinction between a relationship of authentic intimacy with family, lovers, friends and a "relationship" with abstract millions is to perpetuate an illusion. Sometimes this illusion works and it becomes a worthy part of a country's political language. Think of the language of domesticity that prevailed in the days preceding the Civil War, in which the Union itself was cast as a "house divided" and Lincoln spoke of the brotherhood and sisterhood of the American people. As George Forgie has argued so persuasively in his recent book *Patricide in the House Divided*, one of Lincoln's greatest achievements was to portray slavery as an evil monster that must not be allowed to enter those portions of the house it had previously been excluded from and, then, that the monster must be slain lest it destroy the house altogether and, further, that those previously excluded from the house as slaves must be brought into it as family members.

Carter, however, is no Lincoln and the America of our epoch is not the America of the 1860s, which could presume a common political education and a domesticated political language. Where Lincoln's metaphor was powerful and moving, Carter's sentimental language is hollow and, one senses, laced with cynicism, perhaps unawares. Carter is surely culpable on the charge Freud leveled against the injunction to "love thy neighbor as thyself," when taken to its extreme, to mean that there should be, in principle, no difference between my regard, my love, for my family and that for persons unknown to me. Indeed, Freud argues in *Civilization and its Discontents*, it would be wrong to "love" the abstract stranger in the way one loves a member of one's family, or one's friend, "for my love is valued by all my own people as a sign of preferring them, and it is an injustice to them if I put a stranger on a par with them." In "loving" us all indiscriminately, Carter set the stage for an overpersonalized, if abstract, relationship between us, "the

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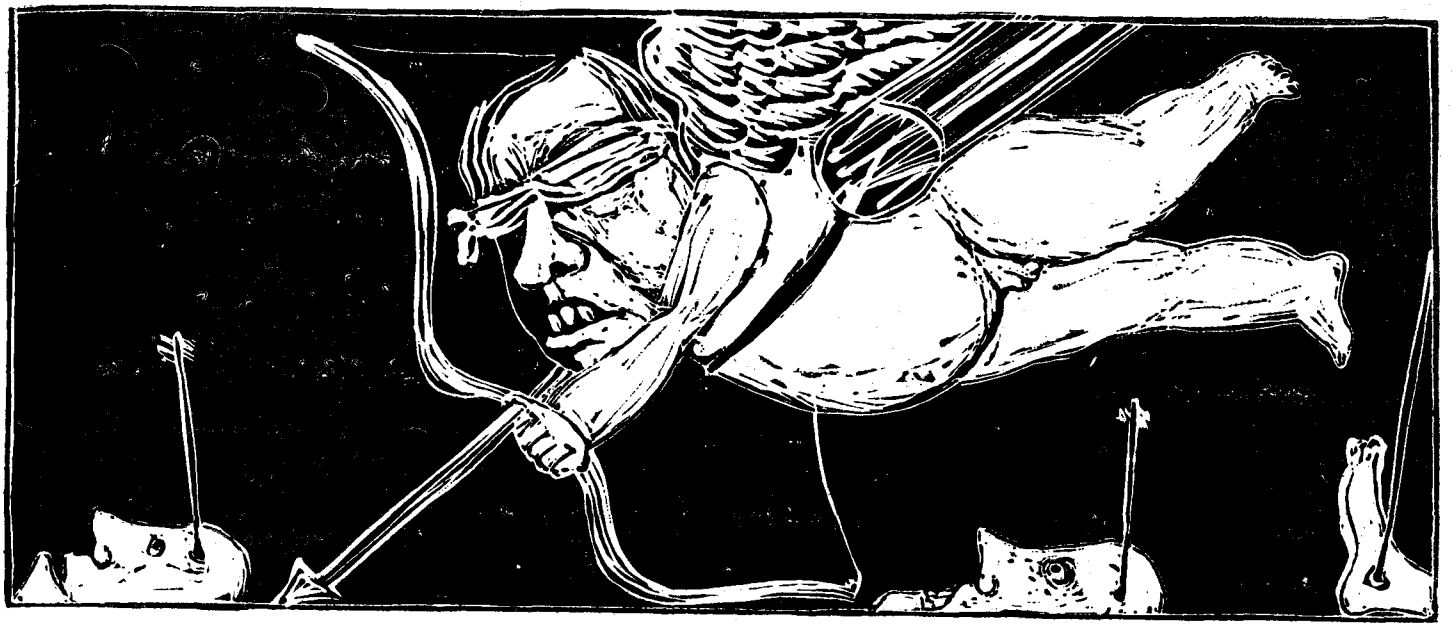
people," and himself. By creating expectations on his part about what our response ought to be to his love for us he paved the way for the inevitable overreaction when we didn't love him back as we "ought."

The signs of strain are still not evident in Carter's 1978 State of the Union Message. The country is portrayed as strong, vital, dynamic, and the people remain confident, hard-working, decent and compassionate. Carter senses "across our land a growing sense of peace and sense of common purpose." He sings the praise of our basic "wisdom and strength and judgment." He declares that we must have what Abraham Lincoln wanted—a government for the people, a government "that is efficient, open, and truly worthy of our people's understanding and respect." Foreign policy, for example, "must be able to stand the test of public examination and public debate. If we make a mistake in this Administration, it will be on the side of frankness and openness with the American people. . . . We are confident people. We've restored a moral basis to our foreign policy." Carter closes by renewing the marriage vows. "We," he re-plights his troth, "are a community, a beloved community, all of us. Our individual fates are linked, our futures intertwined." The union seems secure—not even a separation appears to lie in the offing. True, the tension between competence and compassion remains—this is what Woodward calls Carter's "fusion of opposites." Woodward is wrong about the fusion. It is more a "confusion" of opposites, with the opposites leading finally not to dialectical synthesis, transcendence or fusion but to increasing fragmentation, even disorientation, muddling—but not through. As *Time* White House correspondent Hugh Sidey observed: "Though saturated with facts, Carter . . . shies from drawing a picture of the world and charting a course through it. Carter cannot be depended upon to stick with his positions or friends, charges one of his ex-Cabinet officers."

This derives from Carter's failure to understand that technological politics and populist sentiments do not fit together; indeed, that a populism gone sour, particularly if it was based on a "union" or marriage to the people, is replaced by a technological politics geared *against* the interests and needs of "the people." This point will become clearer as the breakdown of Carter's love affair with us is traced.

The signs of strain are already showing one year later, in the State of the Union Message of 1979. The relationship has started to sour. The union is declared to be "sound"—"every sign" points in that direction. Cooperation with the Soviet Union "serves the cause of peace" and this means "the control of nuclear arms." Americans are told not to fear change, as the "values on which our Nation was founded" endure. But irritants have begun to creep in. Carter suggests that Americans may be threatened with "selfishness, cynicism, and apathy." If we but adopt his "new foundation," we can eradicate the enemy within. It is in those portions of the speech where Carter juxtaposes, in order to fuse, compassion and competence that the tension of the relationship between him and the people is best signified. He protests too much as he cries, "It is a myth that we must choose between compassion and competence." Who said *we* must make such a choice? The answer is: Carter himself. Caught between the poles of his own antinomies, Carter declares the bifurcation mythic; but he is the one who set up the contrast in the first place. Clearly, this dichotomy reflects a deeper struggle, a confusion of opposites, in Carter's own mind, which he then projects outward and into all the rest of us. We appear, in the background, as partners who haven't helped him heal his splits. We are beginning to let him down—hence the references to selfishness, cynicism and apathy. It may be relevant to note that Carter's popularity had, by this juncture, fallen off precipitously. Given the overpersonalized relationship between us and Carter, it is no surprise that he chose to blame his problems on our letting him down.

By July 15, 1979, when Jimmy Carter came down from the mountain and delivered his speech on the "national malaise," people had *become* the problem. A year earlier we were strong, vital, dynamic, confident, hard-working, decent



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and compassionate. But now we are in the throes of a crisis of the spirit. To be sure, Carter's ten days of reflection and consultation with representatives of "the people" (except those people known to differ strongly with the President's own views) confirmed his belief in our "decency and . . . strength and . . . wisdom." But that wasn't the crux of the matter. Instead, Jimmy Carter had discovered "a fundamental threat to American liberty" in our "crisis of confidence," one that "strikes at the very heart and soul and spirit of our national will." This gave the President great pain—as the polls were certainly doing at the time, placing his approval rating at the lowest ebb among all recent Chief Executives—because he was "not isolated" from us; he felt our pain, he shared our dreams. This means our malaise was his own. It also means, a fortiori, that our crisis of confidence was his. Carter himself was surely having a crisis of confidence at that point concerning his own ability to govern, to "manage" in his terms. That, for a man as supremely self-confident as he, at least on the surface, would surely be an insupportable notion: so the crisis becomes primarily ours but one in which he *must* share because he "stays close" to us. Our loss of faith gives him pain; our resurgence of a "new confidence," around the issue of energy, will restore our faith, our confidence and our ability to govern ourselves. Carter, by implication, literally pleads with us to come back into the fold, into the relationship of unity with him: "We simply must have faith in each other." Carter then disassociates himself from the Government he had headed for three years in order that he might attack what one sees "too often in Washington," namely, "a system of government that seems incapable of action." Carter once more becomes the candidate-wooer rather than the President who has won the prize and consummated the relationship.

In his State of the Union Message of this year, Carter has solved his crisis of confidence and our malaise has disappeared. In the six short months since his Camp David retreat we have become a nation secure, united and together "as one people." New words predominate—words like resolution, challenge, danger and brave achievement. The price for this declaration of restored strength was high. Openness has given way to secrecy: "We need to remove unwarranted restraints on our ability to collect intelligence and to tighten our controls on sensitive intelligence information." Peace has given way to war-preparedness. "The implications of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan could pose the most serious threat to world peace since World War II." Our creeping cynicism, apathy and selfishness have been replaced by aroused unity "as never before in peacetime."

What finally saved Jimmy Carter, though, was not we the people but several foreign crises for which he bore a large measure of responsibility. The people were still out of favor; indeed, we were seen as a somewhat shaky foundation for his confidence—despite our aroused and never-before-seen militarized, nationalistic unity, which his alarmism had done much to engender and encourage. A politics of displacement is in evidence: the crisis of the economy, which Carter has repeatedly demonstrated his incompetence to handle, is forgotten in a surge of unity created by real or potential threats from the outside. The flip side of Carter's coin comes full-face. The candidate who declared he would "never again keep secret the evolution of our foreign policy from the Congress and the American people" now proposed to cut the heart out of the Freedom of Information Act even as he dispatched "surrogates" to question the patriotism of those who argued with his handling of foreign policy. From open to closed; from love to war. The milk of human kindness, compassion and decency curdled rather quickly in Jimmy Carter's veins when we the people failed to love him as he believed he deserved to be loved.

Having withdrawn his affection and trust from us, in a Presidential tit for putative tat, Carter became no longer the pleading lover or proud-as-punch husband. Instead, just two months after his incarnation as hawk, he moved, like an irate father, to discipline and punish us. We the people had been transformed into bad, misbehaving children. We were the failures. We had not lived "within our means." We borrowed unscrupulously, with an eye to the short-run gain, not the long haul. We were no longer productive. We failed to conserve. We had gone too heavily into debt. We had stopped saving. The temptations to use credit had been too much for us. Though it pained him to do it, Jimmy Carter must discipline us. Indeed, his speech on the economy used the world discipline *no less than nine times.* Sacrifice was another favorite term; discourage, pain, strong medicine, bitter-tasting and stern measures were others.

Critics of the human-potential movement and the whole celebration of the self as a blissed-out smile button have long argued that the flip side of the coin of total trust, love, and all the rest is repressed hostility, aggression, anger and spite. When Jimmy Carter showed us his "other face," the smile had been replaced by the sternly furrowed brow, the soothing voice of the friend and lover by the flat, clipped tones and curt words of the angry father. Love no longer provided the cement to keep the ties that bind from flying apart; now the nexus was one of shared pain and punishment. Only with proper discipline could we prevail. Because we had proved incapable of disciplining ourselves, discipline must be imposed from on high. Carter chose to ignore the fact that many Americans had been forced, by his economic policies, to charge the necessities of life and that a number of credit reduction specialists and students of credit claimed that few people used their cards frivolously. "Most are using them for daily living expenses and household expenses, as a means of coping with inflation because they see no other alternative," observed one. But Jimmy Carter has run out of compassion *for* us. The course of true love never runs smooth, goes the old adage. Neither, it appears, does a love affair between the President and "the people" when the President comes to believe he was the innocent virgin, filled with hope and trust, who was cruelly seduced and abandoned by us. It is possible that Jimmy Carter will learn to love us again, if we keep voting against Edward Kennedy and return him to Washington in the fall. As one of the people, I think the time has come to sue for divorce. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Tail of the Dying Dragon

CHARLES PERROW

NUCLEAR LESSONS. *By Richard Curtis and Elizabeth Hogan. Stackpole Books. 224 pp. $16.95.*

NO NUKES: Everyone's Guide to Nuclear Power. *By Anna Gyorgy and Friends. South End Press. 478 pp. $15. Paper $8.*

After a good run of a few years, nuclear power is on its way out, overcome by disappointing efficiency, high capital costs, low growth in demand, public opposition and solar alternatives—probably in declining order of importance. But beware the tail of the dying dragon. Judging from the accident rate over the last 400 operating years of commercial reactors (the number of reactors times the number of years of operation), we should have another Three Mile Island within the next four years, and this time we may not have all the good luck that prevented a major catastrophe there.

The two books under review are, like a half-dozen others in the last five years, effective dragon slayers. They both do an excellent job, building on a rich tradition of cooperative antinuclear scholarship. Since the genre is cumulative, one is probably better off reading the latest study. In this case, the very latest, *Nuclear Lessons* by Richard Curtis and Elizabeth Hogan, happens to be very good. The writing is a bit overblown and tends to cheap clichés—a strong temptation in this area—but the organization and the coverage of the history of the controversy is good; there is new material that the earlier literature missed, and, best of all, there is a remarkable Afterword by nuclear physicist Richard Webb, analyzing the T.M.I. accident. I will return to Webb later, but among the books I have seen, *Nuclear Lessons* probably has the best overall discussion of accidents, even without Webb's material.

Despite these substantial virtues, I think *No Nukes*, by Anna Gyorgy and Friends, is the best general antinuclear book I have seen. (The pro-nuclear books, incidentally, are by comparison painfully amateurish on all counts.) *No Nukes* is tilted more toward community action, has more information and is less given to hyperbole and crude metaphor than its fellows. It is written, we are told, by twelve people, but apparently strong editing gives it needed variety without distracting changes in style.

I count about nine important antinuclear books that have appeared since 1962. What they have given us now is a fairly full bill of ill health. We also have a generalization that neither book under review here emphasizes enough: in virtually every area under criticism, the Government and the industry met the initial charge with denial or even a cover-up; they then gave limited credence to it, saying it would be corrected, and finally they admitted to the initial charge and to the failure of corrections, but counterattacked with ominous threats—cold homes and foreign domination.

Another important point which neither book makes clear is that the problem is not simply capitalist greed, nor the utilities or the reactor manufacturers but Government itself—the Atomic Energy Commission and its clone, the Department of Energy, the supporters in Congress and an unbroken string of Presidents of both parties. Utilities were initially very reluctant to go down the nuclear path. It was Government that pressed it, and some idea of their investment in nuclear matters suggests what was at stake. From the Gyorgy volume we learn that in 1956 the physical plant and equipment connected with atomic energy owned by the Federal Government was greater than the combined plant and equipment of A.T.&T., General Motors and U.S. Steel! Just one plant, built for the Government by the Du Pont Company, cost twice as much as the total value of all plants and equipment owned by Du Pont. The Government had a massive investment to protect, one that went far beyond its military needs and embraced the whole fuel cycle. It could only be fully used if there were a large nuclear power industry, and the Government said that if private concerns were not forthcoming, it would itself become a public power industry. The utilities were given large subsidies and the public much propaganda. The utilities now have large investments to protect and the Government investment has grown enormously, but the financial community started pulling out six years ago.

I think the terms of the debate about nuclear energy are now fully outlined, and the data are more or less in. Let me review four significant arguments for nuclear power and what has happened to them over the last two decades.

The Energy Shortage. This was not a significant argument for nuclear power until the oil crisis of 1973 but it is now the most important one. Nevertheless, predictions of growing dependence upon nuclear energy have simply been wrong. Predictions of rising demand have also been wrong. Despite rising production and a rising population, demand has been almost flat for the last two years. Predictions about the impact of conservation were way off; the impact was much more significant than the Government expected.

Alternative sources are also coming in faster than the Government predicted, and with almost no Government encouragement. The alternatives have all sorts of beneficial fallouts; it is a pleasure to have easy rather than hard choices. New England communities are saving money, weeding and thereby strengthening their forests, and providing for local employment by shifting from oil to woodchips. Cogeneration (using the steam you produce for heating and cooling to generate electricity) will reduce pollution, increase efficiency and decentralize energy production (Con Ed is blocking it in New York City). The potential for small dams is enormous and will create jobs and strengthen local government (utilities are opposed and have gone to court and won in New England). The most important development, too new to appear in these books, is the recent discovery that photovoltaic cells can be produced by painting on a silicon powder rather than the very expensive process of slicing silicon chips. If 20 percent of the rooftops in the country were covered by photovoltaic cells that operated with only 10

Charles Perrow recently wrote a report for the President's Commission on the Accident at Three Mile Island. He is currently preparing a book on accidents and high-risk systems.

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percent efficiency, it would generate as much electricity as all our power plants.

Cheap Energy. Before we were warned about shortages, we were told that nuclear energy would be very, very cheap, and the proponents probably believed it. Wrong again. Nuclear plants turned out to be capital-intensive in a time of rising capital costs. They experienced rapidly rising costs of uranium fuel and a declining reserve. They have more expensive construction costs and operating costs than predicted because of the mounting awareness of radiation and accident hazards. The fast breeder and fission reactors promise to be more dangerous, expensive, etc. Even the most fervent nuclear critics were not aware of most of these items until the late 1970s; the disappointing performance of nuclear plants has surprised even their enemies.

Radiation Hazards. The official position on this has been steadily eroded. Permissible limits of exposure for workers and the public have been revised downward two or three times as more information comes in. (Sometimes that information was initially dismissed and discredited by the Government.) Industry and the Government still have not accepted the position that no increase in exposure, no matter how trivial, is safe because we can barely tolerate natural radiation now. Furthermore, it is well documented that radioactive materials accumulate in successive stages of the food chain, so what is trivial in water ends up as significant in human beings. The genetic burden—here to stay—of nuclear power is beginning to be recognized. Yet radiation dangers were denied a scant twenty years ago, and data were even suppressed in some unseemly actions by the Government, which are well documented in all the books of the last few years. The latest fear is that radiation undetectable by current devices is contaminating the food, land and people around nuclear plants.

Accidents. As with the other issues, the full dangers could reveal themselves only as we accumulated experience and evidence, but the Government and the industry suppressed some of the evidence and ignored much more. Their opponents have been digging it out with the help of the Freedom of Information Act. Technically, no one has died as an immediate result of an accident in a commercial plant, but many have died from accidents in Government and experimental plants and at other stages of the fuel cycle; thousands more have received dosages that will shorten their lives. In addition, accidents have poisoned water supplies and will continue to do so since the waste cannot be safely contained.

Reactor accidents deserve a special note as we celebrate the anniversary of almost losing a good part of the Eastern Seaboard. Webb's account of the accident at the end of *Nuclear Lessons* provides it. It is technical, but not impossibly so, and the effort to follow it will be rewarding. His main points include these: contrary to the claims of the industry, the safety systems at T.M.I. did not all work; disaster was averted only by bringing in equipment from the outside, jury-rigging equipment, and using it for purposes for which it was not designed. We came close to complete core melting and the resulting steam explosions at several points. One lucky break that helped save us was that a pump and a gauge, being used for forced cooling of the whole core, even though they were not designed for this, managed to keep working for some weeks. Two other identical gauges failed early on, since they were not designed to withstand all the radiation, but this one just happened to last, and allowed the pump to continue, which also just happened to last. Without them there would very likely have been a catastrophe.

If the spark had set off the hydrogen explosion thirty minutes or so later than it actually did, the explosion would have been much bigger and could have damaged crucial equipment. If operators had to abandon Unit 2, Unit 1 would have melted down because of loss of controls, of power, of radiation damage to equipment, etc. That unit, older than Unit 2, probably has about 100 Hiroshimas in it. In fact, if the accident had occurred there rather than in Unit 2, the enormous amount of radioactivity could have made it totally unmanageable.

Reactor accidents follow the same scenario as the other issues we have been discussing—they couldn't happen; a few did, so we "learned" from them and that made the plants safer; then we had some more, culminating in T.M.I., and the Government and the industry promised to clean up their act, while noting that T.M.I. proved nuclear power was safe. The Kemeny Commission scolded all concerned but said that if they did their job right the risk would be tolerable. The critics don't think so, but their attack in this area is not as sharp as it could be. They could draw upon the work of Webb and nail the accident point down firmly. In a 1976 book, *The Accident Hazards of Nuclear Power Plants*, Webb pointed out that most of the serious accidents or near accidents (there were twelve in the country by then; about six more since then) were the result of multiple failure. T.M.I. had at least five significant multiple failures.

Actually, the major point is not just multiple failures, for if these are in a comprehensible sequence the operators and safety systems may cope. It is when we have multiple failures that are independent of one another—"it just so happened that when A failed, Y was inoperative"—that they are in danger of being incomprehensible to the operators. This was the case at T.M.I., and numerous other accidents (though not all) in nuclear and other high-risk systems. In this case it is the complexity of the system that "causes" the accident. Since we expect equipment, operator and procedure errors, since nothing is perfect, we design safety systems to cope with them. But if independent, multiple failures just happen to occur or be present at the same time, and they interact, as they will in a complex system, the cause of the accident lies in the complexity and interdependence of the system itself. It is, as I have labeled it, a "normal accident," bound to happen some time (not often), difficult to cope with, unpredictable and unpreventable.

The normal accident (a case of negative synergy) is a notion nuclear critics might profitably use. They can then say: Even if every extravagant thing the Kemeny Commission asked for were to take place (responsible bureaucracies, public interest capitalism, etc.) the risk of a catastrophic accident would not be greatly reduced. Normal accidents are bound to occur in all our complex, tightly coupled high-risk systems which we have been persuaded that we need, from towering infernos to recombinant DNA research. Nuclear power plants (along with nuclear weapons) just happen to be the most lethal. □

NEXT WEEK:
SPRING BOOKS ISSUE

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Pity the Poor Immigrant

SUSAN JACOBY

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE: The Autobiography of Paul O'Dwyer. *By Paul O'Dwyer. Simon & Schuster. 302 pp. $10.95.*

Paul O'Dwyer's life is the stuff of which an enthralling saga might be made. He was born in Ireland's County Mayo, a region of economic despair measured, like that of Southern Italy, by the continuous hemorrhage of its population to lands offering more promise of food and work. In a country of rebellion, Mayo has had a particularly fierce record of revolt and resistance. Thomas Flanagan's best-selling novel, *The Year of the French*, described the doomed insurrection of thousands of Irish peasants who joined a French force commanded by Gen. Joseph Humbert in 1798. The revolt in Mayo was crushed by the British Army under the command of Lord Cornwallis.

Throughout the nineteenth century, Mayo was noted for the resistance of its tenant farmers to landlords. The treatment received by a particularly harsh British land agent, one Captain Boycott, supplied the English language with a new word. During this period, County Mayo lost more than a third of its population; most of the emigrants left for the United States during and immediately after the great potato famine.

The youngest of nine children, Paul O'Dwyer was born in 1907 and grew up in the turbulent years before the formation of the Irish Free State. In 1925 he followed his four older brothers to the United States and enrolled in a pre-law course at Fordham University. He did not, however, finish his legal education at Fordham; in the 1920s, the Jesuits who ran the institution were trying to transform it from a parochial commuter college into a national university. So O'Dwyer enrolled at St. John's Law School, a less than venerable institution where more than 80 percent of the students were the children of immigrant Jews.

The rest, as they say, is history. ("They" consist primarily of New Yorkers and civil libertarians—including non-New York civil libertarians and non-libertarian New Yorkers.) O'Dwyer went on to a career as a defender of just about every unpopular minority cause in post-1930 American history. There were labor organizers in the 1930s, victims of McCarthyism in the late 1940s and early 1950s, civil rights demonstrators in the early 1960s, antiwar activists in the late '60s. He did not espouse these causes only after they had attracted national attention and become either fashionable and/or respectably liberal. In 1948, for example, he represented several tenants whom the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was trying to evict from the newly built Stuyvesant Town simply because they had invited Negro friends to visit them in their apartments and were working for an end to the company's explicit policy of racial discrimination in tax-subsidized housing. One forgets that such things were taken for granted. Whites, at any rate, forget.

O'Dwyer was, of course, deeply involved in New York politics, ethnic politics, immigrant politics, reform Democratic politics and the relationship between all of those political worlds. His relations with his late brother Bill, Mayor of New York from 1945 to 1951, a very different and more conventional Irishman and Irish-American, would probably fill a book of their own.

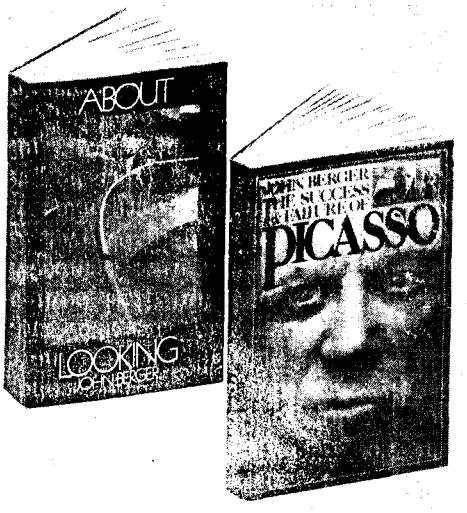
An engrossing life, then, encompassing most of the major themes of contemporary American and American immigrant history. Chock-full of more action than a Howard Fast novel—and all of it accomplished not in several generations but in one. Unfortunately, Paul O'Dwyer does not possess the celebrated Irish gift of storytelling—at least, not on paper. He has written one of the dullest imaginable books about one of the most interesting imaginable lives.

O'Dwyer's autobiography is a meticulous account of what happened in his life, but he never really explains how or why he turned out the way he did. This is not entirely surprising; the famed Irish gift of gab has always seemed to me to avoid introspection to focus on external events. I base this judgment on the masterly evasions of nearly everyone on the Irish side of my family and on

Susan Jacoby, whose most recent book is The Possible She *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux), writes frequently on immigration.*

Two by one of Britain's most influential art critics-

JOHN BERGER



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PANTHEON

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the practiced deflections of public Irish-Americans ranging from the late Mayor Richard J. Daley of Chicago to the Kennedys. Daley and John F. Kennedy were accomplished at these diversionary tactics; Edward Kennedy, as he demonstrated in his interview with Roger Mudd, is not.

To me, the most interesting and complicated question raised by Paul O'Dwyer's life is how he emerged on the political left in a socially conservative Irish Catholic community. Recalling his early years at Fordham, he notes that "it seemed unexplainable to me that while immigrants poured into the United States to enjoy its standard of living, native whites languished in poverty in the South. The contradiction in our giving munificent foreign aid while letting poor whites remain illiterate and hungry was difficult to understand. (The injustice to the Negro community was not even discussed and I did not then think about it.)" He also says:

> I found myself clinging to my Irish identity because it gave me an edge over an Italian, and to my Catholic identity because it gave me a favored position over a Jew. I was aware too that being white put me in a class in which I was, even as a noncitizen, ahead of a black American of long standing.

These feelings ring true; they have been experienced by every group and every generation of immigrants. (For a modern equivalent, talk to Puerto Ricans about their attitudes toward the influx of Dominican immigrants during the past decade.) What O'Dwyer does not really explain in his autobiography is how he came to define himself in America by opposing these prejudices instead of identifying with them. Part of the answer probably lies in the accident of his having gone to law school at St. John's rather than Fordham. At St. John's, as he notes in passing, most of his classmates were Jews and Italians. At Fordham, his law-school classmates would have been relatively affluent Irish Catholics (many of them from families well-connected with the church).

A fuller explanation probably lies in the enormous difference between the culture of a first-generation immigrant and that of a third- or fourth-generation Irish-American. In *Robert Kennedy: A Memoir*, Jack Newfield suggests that Kennedy's conditioning as a Boston Irish Catholic made it easy for him to make the mistake of admiring Joe McCarthy. "For Kennedy to drift into the atavistic subculture of McCarthyism," Newfield observes, "was as logical as for a proletarian Jew at City College in the 1930's to become a Marxist." It was just as logical for Daley (a contemporary of O'Dwyer's) to become a Democratic machine politician and for my grandfather to become a Chicago realtor dedicated to keeping Irish Catholic neighborhoods Irish Catholic or, barring that, white.

What was logical for a third-generation American Irish Catholic was not logical for a first-generation immigrant from County Mayo. The first-generation Irish immigrant, whether of O'Dwyer's or preceding generations, had first-hand memories of oppression, of what would today be called "violations of human rights." By the third generation in this country, such memories had assumed an atavistic, folkloric quality for most Irish-Americans.

For an Irish immigrant in the 1920s, the Catholic Church—unquestionably the strongest force for social conservatism in the Irish-American community—did not exert as powerful a hold as it had on previous generations of immigrants (and as it continued to exert on many of their descendants).

Most Americans do not realize there is a strong tradition of anticlericalism among many Catholics in Ireland. O'Dwyer touches on this when he mentions the role played by his father, a teacher, in the formation of a national teachers union in Ireland. One of the organization's main aims was to curtail the power of parish priests to discharge schoolteachers without cause. (The British left education under the jurisdiction of the dominant religious group in any given area of Ireland.)

This type of anticlericalism, which acknowledges the domain of the church in spiritual but not secular matters, is similar to that prevailing in many areas of Southern Italy. The Irish did not import their anticlericalism to America, but the Italian immigrants did. This is probably due to the fact that the Irish—the first large group of Catholic immigrants—correctly saw the church as a power base in an alien land. By the time Italians began arriving in the 1880s, the American church was firmly controlled by the Irish and was regarded by the newest immigrants as another "foreign" institution—good for baptisms, weddings and funerals but not for interfering in anything else.

One of the many gaps in O'Dwyer's autobiography is his failure to discuss his attitudes toward the church. From his public life, one can assume that his religion is the faith of priests and nuns who marched with blacks in the South, not the edifice-building church of the late Cardinal Spellman.

No sociological analysis can fully explain the development of a man like Paul O'Dwyer. If theories of immigration and religion accounted for his career, he would have been a carbon copy or at least a disciple of his brother Bill. Since this was demonstrably not the case, it is all the more regrettable that O'Dwyer was not able to (or did not want to) probe the recesses of his own character. □

Good Boys, Bad Boys, Old Boys

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

SMILEY'S PEOPLE. *By John Le Carré. Alfred A. Knopf. 374 pp. $10.95.*

THE MAN WHO LOST THE WAR. *By W.T. Tyler. The Dial Press. 434 pp. $9.95.*

THE BREADFRUIT LOTTERIES. *By Richard Elman. Methuen Inc. 192 pp. $9.95.*

TRIPLE. *By Ken Follett. Arbor House. 377 pp. $10.95.*

WHO'S ON FIRST? *By William F. Buckley. Doubleday & Company. 275 pp. $9.95.*

KENNEDY FOR THE DEFENSE. *By George V. Higgins. Alfred A. Knopf. 225 pp. $9.95.*

ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE. *By Peter Dickinson. Pantheon Books. 192 pp. $8.95.*

If one hunts for distinguished antecedents of contemporary spy stories, Joseph Conrad's *The Secret Agent* and Henry James's *The Princess Casamassima* are readily available. Ideology, betrayal, the moral dilemmas of divided loyalty and even the old-fashioned technology of earlier terrorism are all registered by two great novelists who did not disdain a genre

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which on our own best-seller lists has wiped out conventional detective stories.

I quickly add that I am comparing none of the items under review to these two masters of English prose. Indeed, I find in several of them support for the proposition that the novel of espionage is becoming an exhausted enterprise. Consider first John Le Carré. *Smiley's People* notably recovers from the flabbiness, discursiveness and self-indulgence of *The Honorable Schoolboy*, the second volume of this trilogy centered upon the Philby-McLean-Burgess case. Fat and unprepossessing as ever, tediously cuckolded by his wife, and deep in his retirement study of baroque German poetry to boot, George Smiley wearily answers once again the dubious call of patriotism. Using tactics imperceptibly less nasty than the K.G.B.'s, he vanquishes his durable Soviet antagonist, Karla. Smiley is able, but barely, to reassure himself that he cheats and deceives on behalf of the better society, however corrupt, dissolute and treacherous many of its most favored beneficiaries happen to be.

By the conclusion of this glum *roman*, Smiley is worn out. So am I and so, I think, is the morality play of the spy as, all at once, virtuoso of dirty tricks, incorruptible instrument of corrupt politicians and solitary upright man in a universe on the take. For at trilogy's end, the disintegration of antique virtue in an unprincipled society is far more persuasive than the ambiguous exploits of unattractive heroes.

On this score, additional evidence is supplied in *The Man Who Lost the War*. According to the book jacket, W. T. Tyler is a pseudonymous veteran of the American Foreign Service. What he has done here is a pastiche, an amalgam of sacred texts by Len Deighton and Charles McCarry as well as Le Carré. His hero, more boring because less skillfully characterized than Smiley, is a reluctant veteran of the Central Intelligence Agency. It goes without saying that his cynicism is utter and absolute and his primary concern to accumulate financial and sexual profit. But Tyler, whoever he (she?) is, has made an honorable try at a serious novel. Much of it, unfortunately, is badly overwritten in the manner of a brilliant student of creative writing. Some of the descriptions of places are evocative. Like the better practitioners, Tyler appears to know everything about the arts and crafts of spying. What lengthens the book is the attempt to blow passion into its murky events. Alas, the emotion comes across as heavy breathing on the part of the author. In short, his attempt to refresh early Le Carré is an honorable failure.

Like other of Richard Elman's enlightened and compassionate novels, *The Breadfruit Lotteries* is inventive and high-spirited, though uncertain in its tonal shifts from farce to serious politics and back again. The highly sexed, middle-aged hero, now a tenured academic but in time past an O.S.S. operative, vacations in Jamaica with his second-best graduate student and soon collects a peck of trouble. Proving that once a person learns how to ride a bicycle or kill another human, he never forgets, our man, in a fit of temper, forgivable for anybody, strangles a local panjandrum and escapes with nothing worse than a slug in the buttocks. From there on, a confusing panorama of double and treble agentry unfolds. The moral seems to be that we are all agents of one secret service or another, if not of several. Elman is high-spirited and probably not very serious about the whole affair, but cannot be said to have much expanded the genre of the tale of espionage. He probably didn't intend to.

Ken Follett's forte is the variation upon history. His previous best seller, *Eye of the Needle*, concerned a demon German spy in England who nearly won the war for Hitler. It really wasn't half bad. *Triple* plays variations on the usual assumption that the Israelis gained the ability to make atomic weapons by hijacking the essential uranium. The book is an account of how they pulled off their coup, told very much from the Israeli point of view. The hero is a tough concentration camp survivor, now close to the top in Mossad. The villains, genuine no-goods, are a fellow-traveling English don and an English-educated Arab. The latter is neither as rich nor as esteemed as he would like to be, and he is correspondingly eager to win credit, cash and power on behalf of the Palestinian cause. *Triple* is a readable adventure story, a success in a form quite different from that of Le Carré. No ambiguities, just good guys versus bad ones.

Robert Lekachman, a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board, has gone to England for several months to do further research in the comparative literature of crime and espionage.*

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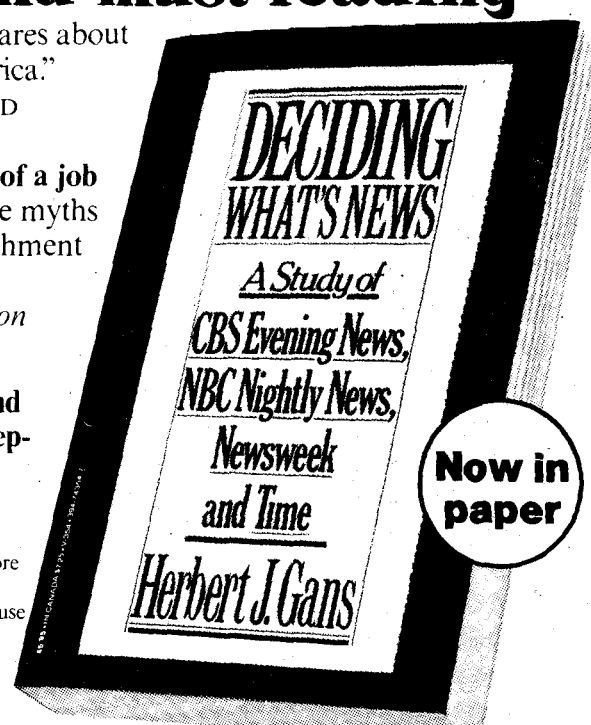

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Were they alive, I wouldn't invite John Wayne or Gary Cooper to play Nat Dickstein, our Mossad man, but Humphrey Bogart might have done the role to a turn.

As an adventure novelist, William F. Buckley has done it again with *Who's on First?*. For journals of opinion, aristocratic politics tend to become a drag after a few decades. But they are just the thing in the boys' books Buckley has been writing. I like Blackford Oakes, his hero, partly because nobody I know has a name remotely reminiscent. I admired his exploits in *Saving the Queen* in which to preserve freedom and save NATO he was compelled, respectfully, to administer sexual solace to the Queen of England. I enjoyed *Stained Glass* even more because the reverberations of the *ancien régime* were even more enticing. Well, friends, Blackie is the same upper-class Yalie and loyal C.I.A. agent as ever, a sucker for noblesse oblige, a soul strained taut by the conflicting pulls of personal honor and *raison d'état*. All three of these fantasies of adolescent wish fulfillment belong in the great tradition of public school heroes. Wherever they are, Tom Brown and Stover of Yale must be lifting forbidden mugs of ale to Blackie. So do I, but make mine Heineken's.

So much for tales of espionage, worn-out or not, and adventure stories either of Follett's adult or Buckley's adolescent variety. George V. Higgins and Peter Dickinson cultivate other crops. Prior to this book, Higgins's leading characters have been second-rate criminals generally in even more trouble with their associates than with the fuzz. Higgins's forte has been a sharp ear for criminal argot. Kennedy, his current hero, is a criminal lawyer, as clued into the mores of the criminal milieu as any of the gamy types he defends. He talks dirty, but he loves his wife and daughter. All the same, he is no patsy. Money up front, or the case is not for Kennedy. Quite seriously, Higgins argues that experts like Kennedy fill a vital function in the criminal justice system as indispensable agents of the plea bargaining in whose absence the courts would surely collapse. Higgins claims further that justice is more likely to be served by the ministrations of cynical, greedy but invariably astute lawyers than by the more formal processes of trial and sentence. The argument is less than persuasive, but *Kennedy for the Defense* is quite readable and a good deal more humane than its predecessors.

I have kept for last the admirable and unclassifiable Peter Dickinson. Detective Superintendent Jimmy Pibble, hero of five previous novels, has come on sad days. His wife has died. He suffers from the aftereffects of a minor stroke and a major depression. We find him immured in a posh nursing home at the expense of a grateful recipient of Pibble's help in the past. Repelled by his physical debility and the flagging of his mental capacities, Pibble one windy night decides to perform euthanasia on himself. Things turn out differently, of course. He finds a body and his former associates appear to investigate. Gradually Pibble is drawn into the inquiry and his physical and psychic energies return. *One Foot in the Grave* is as much concerned with illness, despair and recovery as murder and detection. A fine writer, Dickinson in his current guise belongs more fittingly in the company of Ronald Blythe than in that of the journeymen previously considered.

Enough. If the Le Carré vein is mined out, adventure yarns, boys' books and unclassifiable artifacts of merit still flourish. None of these seven books is really bad. The better ones are very good indeed and Dickinson, as ever, is the master of any milieu he cares to invent. I will believe in it instantly. □

TELEVISION

MARK CRISPIN MILLER and KAREN RUNYON

In its pursuit of one thing (profit), television constantly assures us that we live in a land of innumerable things. It proclaims America's *diversity*—the varied wilderness, the motley populace, the many freedoms. First of all, there is that spectacle of topographic *abbondanza*. The actual countryside may be turning into one transcontinental shopping mall, but television still presents us with a national landscape of staggering variety. A commercial for Visa shows dozens of monuments and natural wonders as we hear a chorus of eager eunuchs sing the names of the fifty states; the evening news "profiles" this or that state on the eve of its primary, showing scenes of city night life, then dawn on some farm, a traffic jam, then a waterfall, and so on; and the endless succession of ads and shows further implies an endless variety of neighborhoods, landmarks, regions, terrains. . . .

And then there are the people, equally diverse: white and black, white and brown, white and yellow, white and red, straight and hip, rich and less rich. Television shows us a gratifying reflection of ourselves as various and tolerant, quick to accept, a horde with a heart of gold. But what does this pleasant image really mean? And what is television really selling when it praises our "diversity"?

Our favorite medium flatters us with subtle formulations of a long-standing American myth. Although it seems celebratory, this myth has always suggested a deep uneasiness. The notion of "the family of man" has enjoyed its widest currency in America, "the melting pot," whose people are (as Carl Sandburg put it) "a vast huddle with many units." This fond conception at first seems incongruous with, say, Father Coughlin's tirades, Earl Butz's jokes, or most of our history. Haven't many Americans, in fact, seen this grand "diversity" as mere mongrelization? But the question is irrelevant, because what the concept of "the melting pot" actually celebrates is not diversity but its containment. The whole—whether "pot" or "huddle" or extended "family"—is greater than its untrustworthy parts. The famous roll call in American war movies clarifies this assumption—"Goldberg!—O'Houlihan!—Finelli!—Raskolnikov!" It is not this ethnic multiplicity that we are meant to admire but the controlling unit which can keep that "diversity" in manageable order.

Television continues to reflect this fear of diversity. That ethnically various platoon from films like *Battleground* ("Jarvess! Rodriguez! Stazak! Wolowicz!") and *Air Force* ("Quincannon! Munchauser! Weinberg! Winocki!") has been reincarnated on programs set in urban high schools. That gritty squadron has become the likable gang, kept in line by a teacher who is sympathetic, white and bigger than they are. The farcical *Welcome Back, Kotter* presented us with the Sweat Hogs, a high-spirited quartet of imbeciles named Washington, Horshak, Barbarino and Epstein ("Juan Epstein," which ethnic conjunction made it unnecessary to hire another actor). The four only clowned

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around, and never seriously opposing the mellow Mr. Kotter. *The White Shadow* relies on the same formula: Coach Reeves, a no-nonsense ex-athlete and veteran, teaches sportsmanship and discipline to his basketball team (Coolidge, Gomez, Goldstein, Salami), who would, but for his guidance, be out on the street, inflicting their diversity on decent citizens.

The players' variety is not only contained by the context of "the team" but is actually subverted by a fundamental sameness. Preserving no real differences, their diversity dwindles into a range of merely visual contrasts. This trivialization of diversity has become familiar over the past decade. On "liberal" shows like *All in the Family* and *The Jeffersons*, blacks and whites differed only in hue. These shows implicitly denied the cultural and economic differences between the races, dismissing as "bigoted" any awareness of actual diversity. The only alternative to the racist reactions of Archie Bunker and George Jefferson is the "liberal" reaction, which is to tolerate differences into extinction. Those calls for "brotherhood" actually have expressed a longing for homogeneity.

Times have changed. Those commercials for brotherhood seem dated now, as television begins to respond to the rising nostalgia for "American values": free enterprise (*Dallas*), clannishness (*Family, Eight Is Enough*), frontier mettle (*The Chisholms*) and jingoism (*When the Whistle Blows*, ABC's nightly update on Iran). This rightward shift has qualified the ostensible celebration of diversity, which is too suggestive of tolerance to suit the country's reactionary mood. Of course, the myth of diversity cannot be discredited altogether, since it is an essential feature of our ideology. Television therefore continues to invoke diversity, but only to subvert it with subtle endorsements of the power structure. In program after program, television presents us with a seeming variety which is really nothing more than an exhausted opposition. We see the same old symbols of authority surrounded by their failed alternatives.

This is the case not only in those above-mentioned tributes to the American Way, but in many of the current sitcoms. Co-optation has become television's most serviceable comic premise: yesterday's rebels have come home to Papa; yesterday's ethnic gets to use the country club. This is what happens in *Angie, The Associates, One in a Million, WKRP in Cincinnati.*

On television, blacks have moved out of the ghetto and into massa's house. On *Diff'rent Strokes*, Arnold and Willis, two young black boys, have been adopted by a wealthy bore (i.e., white man) named Drummond. The kids are irrepressible, livening up Drummond's stuffy household with lots of sass and soul. And on *Benson*, the governor's black butler keeps his cool while all about him are losing theirs. Surrounded by do-gooders and martinets (i.e., white people), Benson keeps everything in working order, with the kind of resourcefulness and common sense that would even reflect well on a free man. But Benson seems content to stay in the mansion, making sandwiches and streetwise comments.

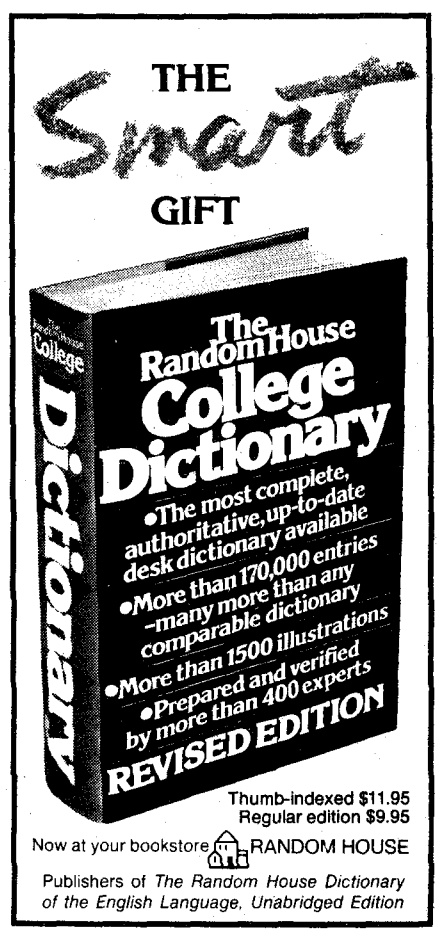
These shows pretend to "bring us together," ostensibly demonstrating that diversity has great rewards for those who will take part in it. The blacks and whites seem to exchange the gifts of their respective cultures like ambassadors from two sovereign nations. But in fact the white man has all the power, which is what makes television's treatment of racial "diversity" so repulsively sentimental. Real hatreds and resentments are suppressed in a maudlin fantasy of transcendent companionship: Benson and the governor sit in their bathrobes, exchanging views over a midnight snack; little black Arnold may tease big white Drummond, but he really loves the guy, and in recent TV movies like *White Mama* and *Jimmy B. and Andre*, a black child and a white grown-up come to cherish each other, against all odds.

It is all terribly heartwarming, precisely because it can never stop reminding us of the frightening alternative that surrounds us. We see these characters fraternize like equals, or hug and kiss like loving relatives, but we know very well that Arnold and Benson are powerless, and this makes them latently menacing. What these shows inspire is not tolerance of diversity but gratitude for capitulation and restraint. We want to thank Benson for his folksy docility, because so accomplished a slave could, like Babo in "Benito Cereno," suddenly take a knife to his master's throat. And we are grateful to the governor for his magnanimity, because so exalted an overlord could, if he felt like it, squash his able servant like a bug.

While these "liberal" shows deny diversity by pretending to embrace it, more patently conservative shows deny it by pretending to tolerate it. In a recent episode of *The Chisholms*, a dramatic series about the frontier days, young Bo Chisholm is drawn to a Franciscan padre who has hired him to help build a chapel. The fatherless Bo admires the padre, who reminds him of the late Mr. Chisholm. Everybody in this Baptist community, including Mrs. Chisholm, is upset about this "Romish" influence. But Mrs. Chisholm, it turns out, is only worried that Bo might forget his father: the padre's religion is basically beside the point, as social differences are, once again, subsumed by individual relationships.

The last scene has the Chisholms and the padre singing a hymn together in the padre's chapel. We have learned that there is no difference between Catholics and Baptists: they are all Christians, all working hard to tame the land, to build churches (and maybe a shopping mall). Moreover, the padre *is* just like Bo's Dad: he is plain-speaking, strong, knows how to lob a knife, etc. In fact, they're all so similar that it becomes hard to imagine what all the fuss was about.

But all this climactic sameness cannot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overcome our sense that there was, in fact, some difference between the papist and the true Americans. Although Mrs. Chisholm throws a bigoted neighbor out of the house, showing us that the padre's (slight) aberrancy ought to be tolerated, the show implies strongly that, while the Chisholms have just what it takes to make America great, the padre's Romish self-indulgence could never have settled this great land: the papist has introduced Bo to wine, women (i.e., a picture of a courtesan) and high wages (which pleasures have presumably made the nation's Catholic boys too feeble to make it out West so that *they* might have helped build a chapel). While the threat of difference is finally mitigated by the superiority of the American Way, we also infer that "the American Way" is not "the Catholic Way."

A recent ABC TV movie called *Amber Waves* was advertised in *TV Guide* as "A Story That Could Happen Only in America . . . Two Men. Different as they can be. One, losing hope. The other, helping him find it again. Fighting together to reap the next harvest. Drawing raw courage—new strength—from the rich and shining land they both love." In fact, this is a story that could just as easily take place in another country, and, in this case, did: the tale is "framed by footage of luxuriant wheat fields shot in Alberta, Canada," according to the *TV Guide* "Close-Up." The movie is as misleading as its advertising, and a rich and shining example of what the new mood, as reflected on television, does to the myth of diversity.

Bud Burkhardt is an independent grain harvester. Craggy-faced, hard-driving with men, tender with women and dogs, Bud is an embattled figure: he can't get reliable help, and is always one step away from foreclosure. Moreover, he learns that he has lung cancer, but puts off an operation because he has to see the harvest through. Nobody will help him: an old friend refuses, and Bud's son, who stays on in Canada after having dodged the draft, also turns him down. (Bud is too manly to tell anyone that he is dying.)

Fortunately, circumstances throw Larry Koenig, a cocky, city-slick New Yorker (Jew?) and fashion model, into Bud's employ. The kid saves the day by learning and applying Bud's values, and so Bud concludes that "yeah, there'll be crops next year."

In other words, the son with the wrong attitude is replaced by one who is more adaptable. Burkhardt purports to understand his own son's self-exile and even justifies it, more or less: like the Carter Administration, he has pardoned his son for draft dodging, while not exactly blaming the country or his own generation for the Vietnam War. But the viewer is less forgiving. He sees a desperate man trying to reach an absent son by telephone, coughing pathetically and popping his pills. Fatherly forgiveness notwithstanding, the viewer infers that a kid who turns his back on his own dad must have found it easy to betray his country.

Before he can replace the rebellious son, Larry must give up his city ways along with his expensive clothes, so that he can slip into something less comfortable. It is hard to say which is the more effective way of denying regional diversity: disparaging one region in favor of another, or insisting that we all have the same basic values. At the end of *Amber Waves*, Bud realizes that Larry had "it" in him all along; "it" just had to be nurtured, like the waving wheat.

And that reference to those "amber waves" suggests how television tries to "bring us together": by turning us into a uniform mass, cutting us off at the roots and using us to make a lot of bread. For all its apparent celebration of "diff'rent strokes," television actually diverts us from diversity. It would have us consume together in peace, and to that end works ceaselessly to turn us against two entities: the true individual and the autonomous group. Wherever these two entities are threatened with extinction, there is no real diversity at all. □

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THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

Children of a Lesser God
Horowitz and Mrs. Washington
"I Ought to Be in Pictures"
Doña Rosita: While She Waits

The lonely crowd yearns for connection. We wish to replace sensation with sentiment. A number of recent plays suggest a trend. In a harsh environment, we crave softness. The consequence may only be sentimentality, but we Americans may prefer that to the derisiveness of despair and hostility which is the main course of recent English drama.

Mark Medoff in his *Children of a Lesser God* has been astute enough to find a novel means to dramatize the sharp breach between people and their deep-seated impulse to bridge and overcome it. Originally produced at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles (an "alienated" community), the play was signally successful there and may prove equally so here (Longacre Theatre). The novelty of its symbol combined with its sentimental appeal make for considerable theatrical effectiveness.

The play is situated in and around an institution for the deaf. James Leeds, a youthful therapist employed there to

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teach lip-reading, falls in love with Sarah Norman, a proud and frisky girl—totally and incurably deaf—who does menial work at the institution because she wishes to help the others but is not herself willing to take lessons in lip-reading. James and Sarah marry and since both are endowed with good nature, humor and common sense their marriage appears destined for success. But they are still worlds apart: he living in the realm of sound and she in the realm of silence, with its own special vibrations in which she finds completeness. She not only resists the benefits of lip-reading but also acts as if her sphere were equal if not superior to that of the hearing world by virtue of its communication through the sign language of the deaf. The couple's relationship, despite their compatibility in other respects, soon appears doomed. But their abiding love moves on to a mutual vow: "If you will try to understand me, I will try to understand you."

The specific emblem of division among people in *Children of a Lesser God*, embodied in the staging of the play, constitutes its chief virtue. (A good part of the dialogue is in sign language, which James translates into ordinary speech.) If I didn't respond to the play with the delighted affection I observed in the audience around me, it was because in other respects—the writing, the quality of humor, the love scenes—and in the general quality of perception, the play's level is not much above that of soap opera. Still, I should add that if *Children of a Lesser God* were to prove a hit, I would not deem it unmerited.

On an almost totally naked stage, the action proceeds agilely with the benefit of Gordon Davidson's nice direction and of the acting by the entire cast, especially that of the genial John Rubinstein as Leeds and of Phyllis Frelich, herself as deaf as the Sarah Norman she impersonates.

To return for a moment to the theme I introduced in this column's first paragraph: it is the subject of Lanford Wilson's *Talley's Folly* as much as of Mark Medoff's play, but in *Talley's Folly*, it is insinuated with a lightness of heart, gaiety of spirit and felicity of language that save it from any suspicion of mawkishness. In such a play as Henry Denker's *Horowitz and Mrs. Washington* (Golden Theatre), the tension between Jews and blacks becomes the occasion for a parade of jokes of both colors, done with a sentimentality which might have tickled the Broadway audiences of 1915. It is saved only by Sam Levene, whose talent for amiable irascibility is unsurpassed, and by the skill and dignity of Esther Rolle.

Neil Simon's *"I Ought to Be in Pictures"* (Eugene O'Neill Theatre) is on safe ground in striking the chord of filial connection. In this case, a father who has abandoned his wife, daughter and son to become a Hollywood TV writer meets his daughter, who, after an absence of sixteen years, has sought him out to learn what sort of person he is. Both discover their love for each other and the sustaining solace that this love inspires.

Once again, Simon displays his sure hand in brightening a simple, immediately acceptable story line with a steady flow of undeniably funny sallies. We do not question the authenticity of the sentiments involved because we are content to be entertained and to take the rest for granted.

The play is most likably acted by Ron Liebman (very much more relaxed than usual), the winningly decorative Joyce Van Patten (as the writer's mistress) and especially by Dinah Manoff, who brings a sweet sort of cleanliness to the role of the writer's 19-year-old daughter.

It is a pity that truly superior plays like Shaw's *Major Barbara* or Garcia Lorca's *Doña Rosita: While She Waits* (Chelsea Theater Center) stay with us so briefly. Lorca's is a truly beautiful play.

Like several other homosexual dramatists, Lorca had a special sense of identification with unhappy women. In them, he found models for his own sense of life and society—and in both aspects he presented a pained and loving image of his native country.

Lorca viewed Spain as a woman rendered sterile by men virtually castrated through fanatic adherence to tradition. But the woman's (Spain's) controlled passion still exists, indeed throbs with fierce power. Her failure to act freely—to voice her desire, to break the shackles of custom—is her tragedy. She is at once desperate and noble with traditional grace. At the end of the play, a woman representing the older generation cries out, "That's the trouble with the decent women of this country, we don't speak! And we've got to speak!"

Doña Rosita: Spinster (the play's original title) was first presented in Spain in 1935, years after its composition. It is the story of an orphan girl, Rosita, reared in the once wealthy home of her aunt and her uncle, who is a mild and charming gentleman entirely devoted to the cultivation of exquisite flowers. (The play's subtitle is *The Language of Flowers*.) Rosita is treated with tenderness and scrupulous care, as though she herself were a flower. She is all modesty and refinement. She is betrothed to a hidalgo cousin, who behaves with the courtliness of an earlier time. But he, a dutiful son, more manners than man, is obliged on the death of his father to leave for Argentina to attend to the family property there. He promises to return to Rosita or to bring her back with him to his Argentine estate. But he does neither. He sends her many letters with renewed avowals of love, but he finally confesses that he has for some time been married to another woman.

Thus Rosita, ever hopeful and faithful, has waited from 1885 to 1910. Heartbroken, she becomes bitter. Her aunt has lost the home villa because of her now deceased husband's negligence. When we last see the old lady and the withered Rosita, they are moving away to poverty, in a scene reminiscent of the last act of *The Cherry Orchard*.

Effortlessly, Lorca mingles all the elements of his art: his lyric poetry, his musicality, his rich natural imagery, his heartache, his protest and his lament (not without its touches of melancholy irony) at the state of his beloved land, now drained of its former style and culture.

Yet there is no harshness in the telling of the tale, only sensibility and song, a muted compassion and a subtle exaltation at the enduring presence of delicacy of feeling in a people who are also great fools! This is Spain, permanently quixotic, at once backward and honorable. At the age of 37, Lorca was murdered by the Falangist forces of the Franco regime.

The Chelsea production, directed by John Olon (who is more adept at translation than at the direction of drama), is, with the exception of Wolfgang Roth's tastefully impressionist settings, so thin and ungainly that it very nearly constitutes a betrayal. Still, I must admit the extraordinary difficulty of doing Lorca justice on our stages. Only poorly equipped companies, alas, undertake to present such plays. That is one of the curses of our theater. □

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A SEARCH

Educated, college and seminary, in two of his church's best schools, there followed for a certain man something of a successful pastorate, until he became convinced that though churches (lodges, schools, clubs, etc.) were doing a good job, it was not good enough for our present times. But if that was not good enough, what was? He must try to find out.

If answer was to be found, it could best be found working among the people. He left his church as member and minister. Trained for no other trade or profession, and a family man, he at first could only do odd jobs. Later came steady work with minimum pay.

Ten years ago he published a book (now out of print) that set forth something of his life's background, with results of his search up to that time. Now he has another book, SEARCH, Vol. II, that presents some of his ideas of the past ten years. Now retired, he says that his main task still is trying to find out how to live. Copy of this book may be had free, postpaid, by addressing: SEARCH, 101 Reservoir St., Weston, WV. 26452.

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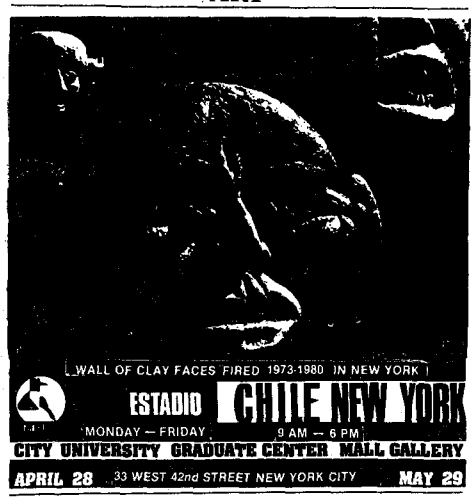
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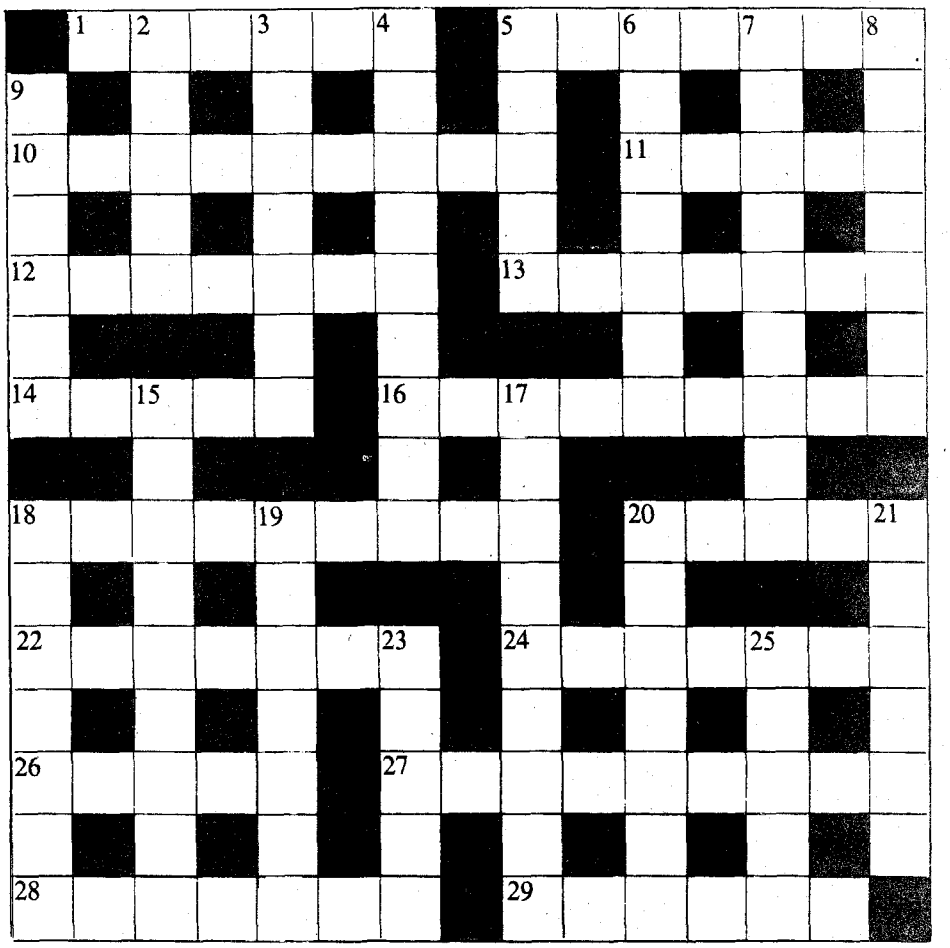

ACROSS

1 and 14 A specific girl in a struggle with something she might use on her hair—it's a good combination, if you want to keep clean. (6-5)
5 Last-minute review for the casual 1 across. (5-2)
10 and 11 The rest of the electricity might spread the potential force. (7,2,5)
12 It might get to be sulky, but looking up just a shade. (3-4)
13 You must like most of the party if you do, but it's a place to start from. (7)
14 See 1 across
16 An apron might be worn so, but it might appear too much if you do. (9)
18 One form of growth in another put into the soil once more. (9)
20 Big noise around the South, as you might type a friend. (5)
22 A most excellent beginning, with half the reward to scatter about. (7)
24 Minus, if this, in a sense. (That's one way to throw you off!) (7)
26 Slain by Artemis, otherwise something charged to it. (5)
27 One who is not experienced with has—or anything else for that matter. (9)
28 and 29 Certainly not much—only a mild case of the jitters! (2,5,6)

DOWN

2 Put at rest, with a close associate around. (5)
3 Possibly second in the fight. (7)
4 A line might be so, as the drunkard made his exit. (6,3)
5 Colors by giving an 18 down. (5)
6 If one did, calling someone out on strike might be only part of the job. (7)
7 With Zeros camouflaged, they did some damage during the war. (9)
8 Suffers from thirst—no wonder her cap's awry! (7)
9 Put down, as in a sleeping place. (6)
15 Drivers sometimes honk, incidentally. (2,7)
17 Mixed greens and whatever makes you sick does, possibly. (9)
18 You might get one on the table, and rather briskly stroke feathers. (3-4)
19 Shifted gear and ran inside, being put in order. (7)
20 Mine is rich, being such! (7)
21 A large number employing what Calliope might be doing, presumably. (6)
23 Old man of the isle. (5)
25 Don't win—there's nothing in it! (It might be free, too!) (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO 1817

ACROSS: 9 and 10 Spot check; 11 and 23 Autographs; 12 Andiron; 13 Emptied; 15 Sluggers; 16 Shafts; 18 Scenic; 21 Earrings; 24 Amiable; 26 Scandal; 28 Polo; 29 Media; 30 Echo; 31 At all events. DOWN: 2 and 19 Nothing in common; 3 Enclose; 4 Tier; 5 Eskimos; 6 Inapt; 7 and 1 Spinal anaesthetic; 8 Street; 14 Aspen; 17 Alignment; 20 Calomel; 22 Reclame; 25 About; 27 Edge.

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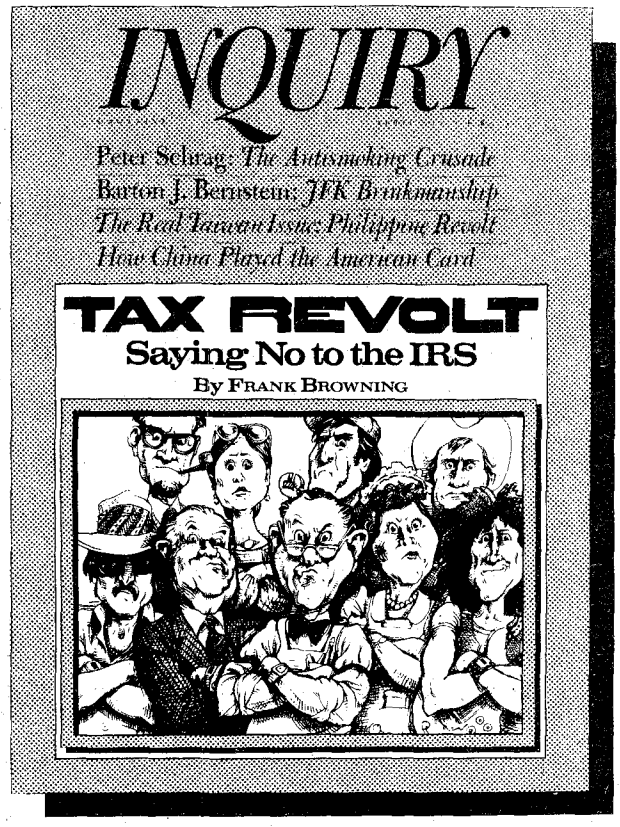
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